THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXIV.—No. 1618.

DECEMBER 18, 1934

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE SOCIETY RACING
GOSSIP GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

DINNER, DANCE and CABARET: A GOING-OUT GUIDE

"Their Native Heath": The Embassy

1/-

"Luvisca" REG.
SHIRTS
SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS
Best of all Xmas Presents for Men!
SOLD BY LEADING HOSIERS, OUTFITTERS, STORES AND ALL AUSTIN REED SHOPS.
Ask for and see you get "LUVISCA." There is nothing just as good. If any difficulty in obtaining, write COURTAULDS, LTD. (Dept. 8,M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, who will send you name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

LUVISCA SHIRTS in striped designs or plain shades, including 2 collars, 10/6 each.

LUVISCA PYJAMAS in striped designs or plain shades, 17/6 each.

Garments made to measure subject to special quotation.

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TAB. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT.

Luvisca COURTAULDS

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

HOTEL LOTTI
PARIS
The Hotel of Distinction with prices adapted to present conditions
7 & 9, RUE DE CASTIGLIONE
(TUILERIES)
Telegrams: "OTELOTTI, PARIS 81."

THE MOST FAMOUS
BÉNÉDICTINE
LIQUEUR

George Goulet
CHAMPAGNE
GG

A Genuine White Lady Cocktail must contain Cointreau
COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR

By Appointment to H.M. King George V.
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY
Judge and enjoy 1926 Vintage

Introducing
1926
VINTAGE
as excellent as the
1923

PRICE ONE SHILLING: By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON: 346, Strand, W.C.2. PARIS: 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, viii.

SPRING CRUISES, 1935

Book with

DEAN AND DAWSON LTD

81, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

'Phone Grosvenor 2873-6

AND BRANCHES

CÆSAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR.

By C. AMBLER

Owing to the great demand, the above picture, which was originally reproduced in THE TATLER, has now been published in separate form, suitable for framing.

Copies in full colour, on plate sunk mounts (actual size of picture 15 × 10¼), can now be obtained at **5/-** each.

Copies signed by the artist **10/-** each.

Postage in each case 6d. extra.

Orders with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS,

346 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Approved by Doctors

FAMOUS SINCE 1885

RENDELLS

obtainable from Leading Chemists everywhere

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)

LEW LESLIE'S NEW PRODUCTION

BLACKBIRDS OF 1935

FIRST PERFORMANCE, December 20, at 8.30. Subsequently daily, 2.30 and 8.30.

HOTELS

SUNSHINE CALLING

It's just like glorious summer in the long sun-lounge of the Royal Victoria. In this sunny spot, sheltered from cold winds and chills, recovery from illness and fatigue comes quickly. Make the Royal Victoria your winter home. Private suites of 2 to 5 rooms. All rooms with Hot and Cold water. Special menus. Lift. Garage. Central and electric heating. 4½ gns. weekly.

Historic ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

MARINA, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *Tel.: Hastings 869.*

CADOGAN HOTEL

SLOANE STREET LONDON

Private suites. Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Telephone in all rooms.

Telephone: Sloane 7141. *Telegrams: 'Nagodac, Knights, London.'*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BALEARIC ISLANDS.

Majorca.—Formentor Hotel.—Full pension from 15/- daily. The Honolulu of the Mediterranee. Patronized by Royalty.

Mallorca, English Guesthouse.—All sports. M. Scott, 50 Cuesta Bonanova, Palma, Baleares, España.

Palma de Majorca.—Hotel Ingles gives the best of the best at mod. rates. Pens. fr. Ptas. 13 to 20. Spec. tms. long stay. Eng. spoken.

BELGIUM.

Le Zoute Knocke: The Golf Hotel—"Always Open." Inclusive winter terms 10/-.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey.—Moore's Queen's Hotel.—Fully licnsd., with H. & C. running water. Central. 3 Gns. to end of June. 4 Gns. summer. A.A.

FRANCE.

Paris. Bohy-Lafayette, nr. Opera. Sq. Montholon—Com. of de luxe hotl. lowest rates. Apply for illus. tariff to J. Bohy, Mng. Dir.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best Hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—The Grand Hotel.—Unique palm and flower garden on the Croisette.

Hyeres — Hotel Continental — Quietly situated in large park. Dominating view full South. From Frs. 35.

Juan-les-Pins.—Les Ambassadeurs. Facing beach and Casino, every room with balcony. Bath. 'Phone. Spec. Win. t'ms. A.A., R.A.C.

Menton.—Hotel Royal & Westminster—on Sea Front with gdn. 1st cl. 100 yds. fr. New Casino. Quotations in sterl. on demand.

Menton.—The Majestic (Swiss Hotel).—Nearest to Casino Facing Gdns. Renovated, and reduced. rates. Pens. fr. 4½ gns. wkly.

Menton.—Orient Hotel.—A most lux. hotel, centr. sit. 200 rooms, 100 baths. Terms from Frs. 55 per day, fac. south. Prop. L. Brunetti.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Bristol & Majestic.—200 rms., fac. sea. Big lounge, bar, bridge room. Engl. clientele. Incl. terms fr. 35 Frs.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel des Etrangers.—Absolutely 1st-class. Terms, including Government tax, from Frs. 35.

Monte Carlo.—Grand Hotel National.—English. All comfts. 70 rooms. Near Casino. 1st-class cooking. Inclusive from 35 Frs.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Monte Carlo.—Royal Hotel.—All comforts. Full South; garden overlooking sea; renowned cuisine. Pension from Frs. 55.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Versailles.—"Le Home Versaillais," 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st-class installation. Moderate terms.

ITALY.

Rome.—Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs.—Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comft. Very special reduced rates.

Rome.—Hotel Victoria.—Sunny location opp. Borghese Gardens. Remodernized 1934. Pension Lit. 38. Special rates for long stays.

Albissola Marina Savona—(Italian Riviera)—**Hotel Milano.**—Cen. heating. Run. water, warm & cold in all rms. Full wkly. Pens. £2.0.0

Capri.—Hotel Pagano Vittoria.—Quietude. Sun. Sea. Garden. Modern comforts. Pension Lire 28-35.

Capri.—Where Winter is Spring.—**Quisisana Grand Hotel.**—The Best on the Sea. G. Izzo, Managing Proprietor.

Lavagna—(Italian Riviera)—**Hotel Nazionale**—On the sea. Cen. heat. Cold and warm run. water in all rms. Good cuisine. Pens. Lire 20.

Rapallo-Genoa—Hotel Riviera Splendida—Pension-Restaurant, Open the whole year. Moderate terms. Possessor Cav. A. Bottinelli.

Sestri Levante (Italian Riviera).—**Hotel Nettuno.**—Extraordinary position on the Sea. All comforts. Pension, Lire 23.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond.—First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

Adelboden.—Adler Hotel and Kursaal.—Exc. Ski-ing & Curling, indoor amus. Eng. Ski Club, Best Food, incl. terms from Fr. 14.

Lausanne—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position. First-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £5 . 0 . 0.

Lausanne—Byron Hotel.—Best position, all m. comfort, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £4.

Lausanne-Palace-Feau-Site Hotels.—First class at reas'able rates. Exc. cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Les Avants S/Montreux 3281 ft.—**Hotel de Jaman Bellevue**—1st cl. fam. hotl.; renvatd., run. water. Winter sports. Incl. terms fr. 12s.

Wengen.—Park Hotel Beausite.—1st class, all mod. con. in beaut. sun. & centr. pos. All sports. Incl. t'ms with after. tea from Frs. 16.

The Bystander, December 18, 1934

No. 1618. Vol. CXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

FAY WRAY COMES TO ENGLAND

This beautiful blue-eyed, auburn-haired girl has come all the way from Hollywood to Shepherd's Bush to play opposite Jack Hulbert in the new Gaumont-British comedy called "Alias Bulldog Drummond." When she's finished her job, she means to explore England and Europe; so far, she has only uttered her dictum on tiny page-boys, London's antiquity, and English slang. Fay Wray has practically never stopped working since Hal Roach gave her her first chance. She had a phase of appearing in "horrifiers," which got her the name of "the screaming heroine," but that's a bit of her past she's forgotten now. "King Kong" was one of the last of that bunch; lately she's been seen in "Beneath the Sea," "The Affairs of Cellini," and "The Richest Girl in the World." With every film she proves more successfully that she knows her trade, and is becoming one of Hollywood's cleverest actresses

Sir Hugh Seeley offering to lead Lady Mary Dunn in to supper at Sunderland House. That she should look coy at such a suggestion just shows what the flashlight does to people

Above: Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson and Lord and Lady Stavordale beside the champagne-by-the-glass bar. Lady Stavordale was one of the hostesses of the evening, who stood at the top of the stairs and received their guests with cries of welcome

Right: the Duchess of Westminster and Mr. Peter Thursby at the Curzon, where a French film, "On a Volé un Homme," with Lili Damita and Henry Garat as stars, was given its première

Party No. 1

Cinema and Supper in Aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

Mrs. Quintin Gilbey, who was in white, listening to a bit of news from Lady Weymouth. They both wore lucky-charm bracelets, which are one of the crazes of the moment

Right: Mrs. J. B. Paget and her daughter, Mrs. Guy Carleton, were taken during the photographers' entr'acte at the Curzon

Below: a good-looking quartette doing a gossip after arriving at Sunderland House from the Curzon—Mrs. Frank Stanley-Clarke, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Mrs. Antony Acton and Lady Brougham and Vaux

Below: Lady Veronica Hornby, the Hon. Patricia Berry, Lady Plunket and Mr. Anthony Hornby were four more of the crowd who did their bit of charity for Queen Charlotte's Hospital by going to the party

• ROUNDABOUT

Parties in London and a Wedding in Paris

Swaebe

Young-Marrieds at Supper

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowden were at the party Punch's and Nash's gave at the Carlton. Frank Bowden is Sir Harold Bowden's only son; he married his attractive wife this year

An American in London

Miss Martha Magrane is an attractive twenty-year-old American who has lived this side of the Atlantic since she was presented, two years ago. She and her mother have taken a chalet at Kitzbühl for the winter sporting

Sasha

Swaebe

Cocktail Trio

Above: Mr. Peter Koch de Gooreynd with Miss Nicholson and Lady Warrender at the cocktail-party he gave in Norfolk Street. He had a conversation-recording machine installed; its reproductions of their chatter caused mixed amusement and embarrassment to the guests

Left: Mr. Cyril Egerton, the Hon. Francis and Mrs. Egerton's son, and Miss Mary Campbell, daughter of Mr. Ronald H. Campbell, the British Minister at Paris, and Mrs. Campbell, leaving the British Embassy Church, Paris, after their wedding

Below: Mr. Guy Middleton talking to Mr. and Mrs. John Barter (Diana Beaumont) at the party Nora Swinburne and Edward Ashley Cooper gave to celebrate their wedding, at El Patio, Nora Swinburne's Rupert Street restaurant

Left: Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart at the buffet at Claridge's, where the Noah's Ark Ball was held in aid of the work for animals done by the Women's Guild of Empire

Below: Lord and Lady Remnant dancing together at Claridge's

The Noah's Ark Ball was in Aid of the Women's Guild of Empire

Left: Lord Rosslyn and Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell; she was also on duty as a programme-seller at the No. 1 Party, so had a busy evening between the two events

Charity and Cocktails

A Ball at Claridge's and a Meeting at 3, Belgrave Square

Extreme left: Lady Westmorland and Mr. Maurice Baring were at 3, Belgrave Square, which was lent for the committee meeting and cocktail-party for the Silver Jubilee Dinner in aid of disabled ex-Service men

Left: Lord Westmorland talking to Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnston. He and Lady Juliet Duff were joint host and hostess at the party

A Cocktail-Party in Connection with the Silver Jubilee Dinner

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 81

Malcolm Sargent

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

HAROLD MALCOLM WATTS SARGENT became the organist of Melton Mowbray Parish Church in 1914. Later he joined the 27th Durham Light Infantry, and in the past few years has become the official conductor of all kinds of Festival Choral Societies, like those of Bradford and Leicester. Last Saturday he conducted the Carol Concert at the Albert Hall.

Conductors are curious people. They are either able to play the piano brilliantly, or else their fingers have the touch of marlinespikes. No conductor worth the name can sing at all. It is terrible to hear them when they try. As a conductor, Malcolm Sargent is nervous, tense, vital, rhythmic. His energy seems almost uncontrollable. Yet when he sits down at the piano, he is in complete repose. His touch is perfect. It is, indeed, the only time he is ever relaxed. For he talks like a machine-gun; sometimes with such energy that his head almost vibrates. He likes riding, but if he mounts the quietest horse it at once starts to go up a telegraph-pole.

Malcolm Sargent has the same inspiring effect on an orchestra. The musicians sweat at the sight of him. He makes good jokes, but not as good as Sir Thomas Beecham's. On one occasion, when the women sang "For unto us a Child is born," he stopped them, and is supposed to have said: "Just a little more reverence, please, and not so much astonishment."

FOR years he conducted Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, and brought out many things in the score which were probably not suspected by Sullivan himself. In 1933 he had to go to Switzerland to sit down for a year. He is now rested and vital once more.

Slim and dark, he has a hot brown eye, and you cannot visualise him asleep. He seems too keyed-up. Without actually asking him, I am sure his favourite composers are Russians. The more furious the music, the more he likes it. He is just forty years old, and has been conductor-in-chief of the Royal Choral Society for six years. *Hiawatha* seems inextricably associated with him. You know: "On his brow the sweat of anguish Froze and fell not, froze and fell not." He is also a Doctor of Music at Durham, a member of the Beefsteak, a regular theatregoer, and a devotee of the "Zoo."

Listen...

AT easily London's smartest rendezvous for social intercourse, a place where only those with true blue blood coursing through their veins are members, we came upon a scene of righteous indignation—somebody had obviously been insulted.

•

"ONE can forgive a good deal, but there are just some things which are quite unpardonable, and, of course, I can never speak to him again. You see, he hadn't even the excuse that he was drunk. Now, you won't believe it, darlings, but he insinuated that I wrote 'Listen'!"

•

IT is a great joy to see Lady Warwick hale and hearty and even lovelier than ever after her serious operation. London's youngest Countess, who has always been keenly interested in the East, talks of spending the winter in China. Her good-looking husband, on the other hand, finds the West quite good enough for him, and intends spending a few weeks in his beloved Switzerland, where he shines on skis—and with them. Joke over.

•

A NUMBER of our very nicest girls are very worried as to how they should style themselves after their divorced husbands have re-married. Should they themselves be still single? "No, darling. By no stretch of the imagination can you call yourself 'the Dowager,' but 'Mrs.', followed by your own Christian name and your ex-husband's surname—e.g., Mrs. Rosemary Horlick. Should you have been married to a titled gentleman, you may start off with your Christian name—e.g., Thelma, Lady Furness."

•

TALKING of the latter, we are very pleased to welcome her back from America, where she had been supporting through her many trials and troubles her equally beautiful sister, who had the sympathy of all of us. Lucky we don't live in America—some of us would soon lose our chicks.

•

WE can use the words "equally beautiful" with all truth, as Lady Furness and Mrs. Vanderbilt are exactly alike. Fortunately for us folk who write in the papers, Lady Furness has a scar on her chin, which enables us to tell them apart. Some of us have found, to our cost, that it can be very expensive to confuse twins.

•

WE cannot applaud too loudly the action of the illustrious father who refused to allow his son to divorce his erring wife till he (the son) had attained years of discretion, thinking, no doubt, that the boy, having once made a nonsense of himself, might easily do so again.

•

ALTHOUGH we girls are averse to gambling in any form, we would dearly like to bet a shilling that our friend is married within six months of the knot being untied. Some men are gluttons for punishment.

•

THE enterprising hostess whose superoptimism recently landed her as a guest of the Crown for a period of twelve months, gave the most astonishing party we have ever attended. A slight misunderstanding with the already-long-suffering caterer resulted in no waiters turning up, but it would have taken a far greater catastrophe than this to deter the lady when she was set on giving a party.

•

IT so happened that, although the waiters were absent, a number of bailiffs were very much on the spot, so this resourceful woman dressed them in evening clothes, and the party was a roaring success.

•

WE have always thought that gambling in private houses was the poorest sort of fun, and, no matter who wins or loses, it invariably leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. We wonder if a certain young gentleman's absence from this country may be, in some way, due to a game of "chemmy" in a very famous house?

•

WE could also name a few gentlemen who would not be exactly popular if they set foot in France these days. Chefs des Parties at casinos have even longer memories than bookmakers, and a dud cheque on the Continent brings all sorts of indignities in its train.

•

ONE of our nicest and most talented girl friends has been most brave and dignified. She realised that it must inevitably happen one day, but the past few weeks can't have been much fun.

•

WE know of no more happily married couple than the Charles Cavendishes. Lord Charles, recovered from his illness, is tremendously popular, while Adèle is universally acclaimed as being London's wittiest woman. Whereas some people have only to mention the leg of a table and we all wince, Adèle can say what she likes and nobody minds.

POPULAR WOMEN

No. 3.—Lady Castlerosse

Peter North

HOME town, Maidenhead, but preferred Mayfair from an early age, and from the first time she grasped the ladder of success not even Mrs Corrigan herself kept a more tenacious grasp. Lovely blonde, with figure to match and a remarkable skin, Lady Castlerosse is quite the most romantic figure of our times, and could have married at least three other peers, while her list of eligible commoners would fill this page. A rare judge of character, Miss de Lavinge, as she was, chose Lord Castlerosse and has since been his inspiration when writing each week his soliloquies on marriage. Speaks her mind in slightly metallic tones, is wonderfully generous and hospitable, and numbers among her friends all the most important people. May know just one or two people with whom she does not see eye to eye, but they are of no account.

Round the Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Left : Mrs. Victor Seely is the second wife of Sir Hugh Seely's brother ; her husband is a nephew of Lord Mottistone. She is Lord Rochdale's elder daughter, married Victor Seely in 1932, and has a daughter, who was born last year. She was chairman of the committee which organised the Royal Matinée at the Holborn Empire last Friday

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Seely

The Hon. Eileen Brougham

Eileen Brougham was sketched at Quaglino's at lunch time, wearing a black béret and a black broadtail coat. She is Lord Brougham and Vaux's only sister, and twenty-two this year

Lady Serena James

Left : Lady Serena James, Lord Scarborough's daughter, was chairman of one of last week's innumerable charity affairs—the Christmas Ball on the 13th, which was held at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Canning Town Women's Settlement

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Violence in Vienna

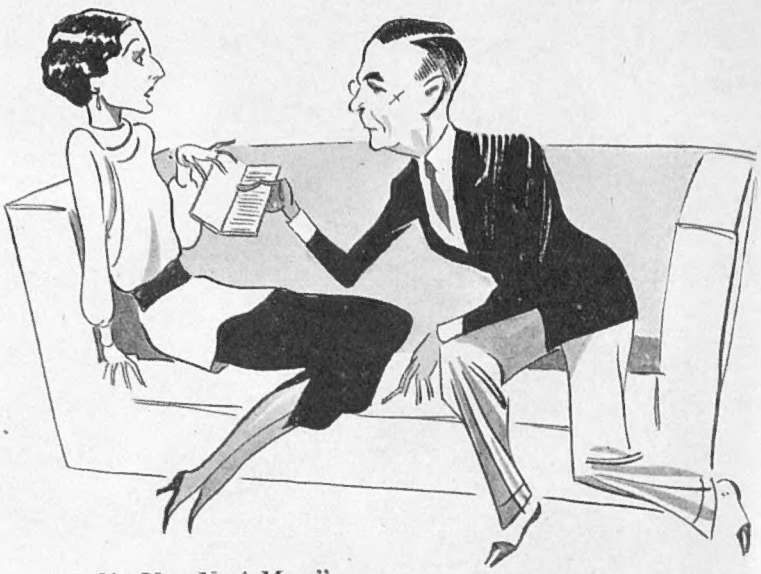
"The Moon is Red" (Daly's)

MESSRS. DENISON CLIFT and Frank Gregory, authors of *The Moon is Red*, show courage in defying convention. They have written a play in *two* acts, though they try to conceal the fact by calling their two acts two parts. Three acts are the usual division, four acts not unknown, and five acts just possible. But *two* acts nowadays! Yet why not? Most conventions are absurd.

If only the authors had been as bold in other directions, *The Moon is Red* might have been a very original play. This it is far from being. Indeed, their model is so old that a lot of people may have forgotten it, for old man Sardou, the originator, cuts no ice nowadays.

BUT though Sardou produced plays which were contemptuously called "mechanical rabbits," he *could* construct, and his workmanship was exceedingly neat and tidy. It is here that he gets the better of Messrs. Clift and Gregory, who do not neatly extract and tidily finish all the drama that there was to be obtained from their theme of a betrayed Secret Service agent, and the puzzle as to who was the dirty dog who did the betrayal. Had any of the suspects indicated that they objected to facetiousness, I should have at once inwardly accused him or her, for so insufferably waggish a person as this Secret Service agent well deserved all that was coming to him.

Quite apart from not playing the game of 'spot the scoundrel" fairly—for the authors rule out all but three characters as suspects and then plant the betrayal on another—I have seldom seen a play where more difficulty was experienced in getting characters on and off the stage; and while they *are* on, their "langwidge" can hardly be said to bear much relationship to real life. But just as the average detective novel can get away with a plot and let character and dialogue go hang, so, doubtless, there will be a public for *The Moon is Red*, for some of the first-night audience were vociferous in their welcome



"Oh, You Nazi Man"

Herr Von Putzen (Austin Trevor), a Hitlerite Lothario, endeavours to seduce an innocent British subject, Sherella Carroll (Joyce Bland)

DOUBTLESS the cast were included in the welcome, a specially warm one being given to Eille Norwood—after a long absence—who has experience enough to make effective the part of a cross-examining diplomat; Joyce Bland made an emotional heroine; Hugh Miller played a character labelled journalist with conviction, and the best part of all, that of the secret head of Austrian Nazidom, was made much of by Austin Trevor.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

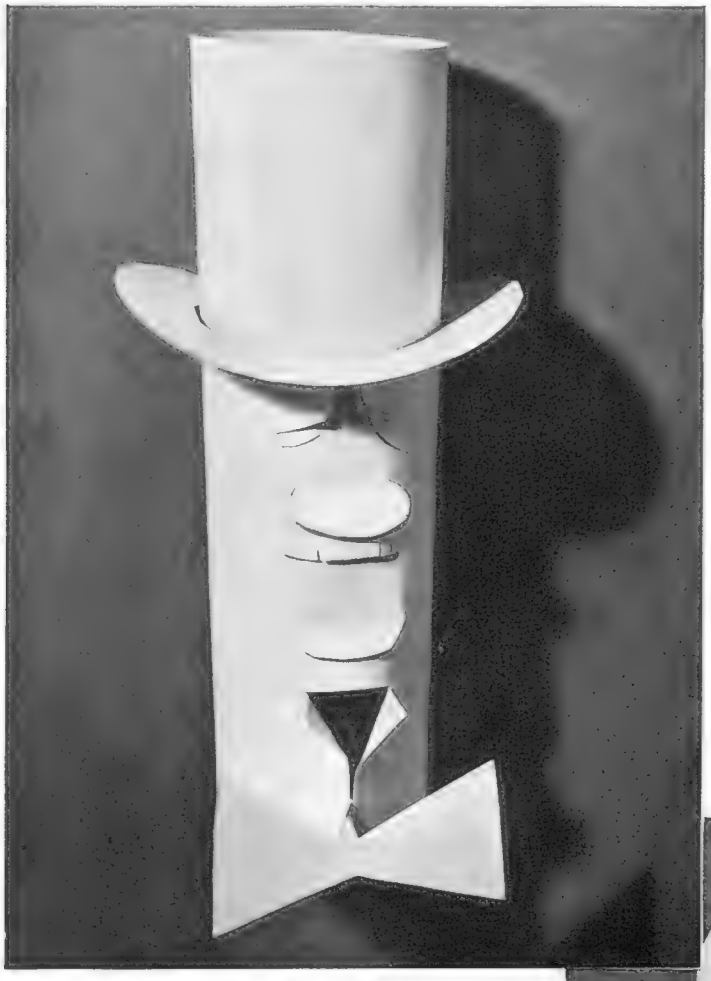
Dick Lancaster (Gerald Rawlinson), British Secret Service agent, whose death at the hands of the Nazis causes trouble in the British Colony in Vienna

Sketches by ROUSON

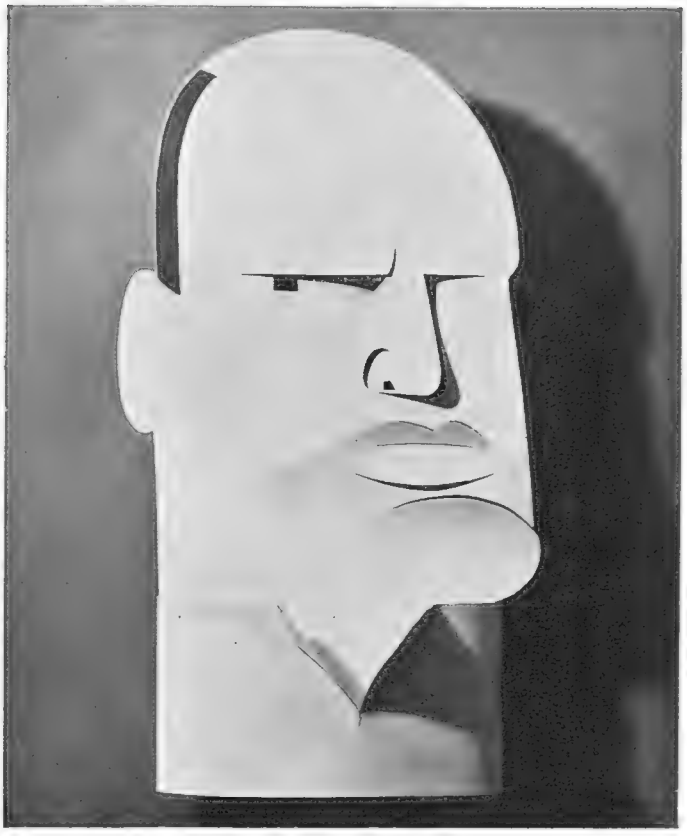
Sir John Marley (Eille Norwood) surveys the suspects. L. to r., Leonard Brooke (Patrick Baring), Garrett Fielding (Hugh Miller), Athene Seddon (Helen Goss), and that piece of iniquity, Tony Charlesmore (George Curzon)

Three Great Panjandrums

Paper Pictures by Wladimir Bielkine



Mustapha Kemal Pasha



Mussolini

Stalin

HERE is a third set of paper caricatures by Wladimir Bielkine. Considering that this clever Russo-Dutch artist requires nothing in the way of raw material except some white paper and a nice sharp pair of scissors, the subtlety of characterisation he achieves is really amazing. The photography, which is so important a part of the finished portrait, he is also responsible for. Einstein, Shaw, Gandhi, Hitler, Grock are among the subjects whose caricatures by Bielkine have already appeared in the "Bystander"

Extension Night at the Embassy: a View from the Balcony behind the Band

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . .

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 23. The Embassy Club

By CHARLES GRAVES

FOUNDED as a night-club under the name of the Four Hundred Club, bought by Albert de Courville in 1919, and sold by him, not long afterwards, for six thousand pounds, to the late Luigi Naintre's syndicate, the Embassy is the last of the smart supper-clubs where evening dress is compulsory. Incidentally, there is still one waiter—Zucchi—who was there when the club first opened. Will Rogers is the only man who has ever managed to enter the club in the evening in day clothes. He told me about it himself. He had just arrived from China or somewhere, and wore a dark-blue serge suit with a stiff shirt, butterfly collar, and black tie.

ALL the younger members of the Royal family, except, I believe, the Princess Royal, are members of the club and use it frequently. Now that Ciro's has failed to reopen, it is rapidly returning to the success it enjoyed in the boom days under Luigi. All sorts of alterations have been made to it. Do you remember the balcony? It was pulled down long ago because it was invariably empty, except during those hectic days when Irene Castle danced there. Various spasmodic efforts have been made to introduce cabaret, but, with one exception, always at a loss to the management. That, as Luigi told me, was when June danced there for thirty pounds a week. But that is a long time ago. No; more than enough cabaret is provided unconsciously by the guests themselves. It is true that Andrew has not quite got the courage of Luigi in regularly placing divorced couples at adjoining tables to give the other members a laugh, but only last week I saw a private detective outside the long entrance making notes of his quarry's companions.

THIS autumn they have re-jigged the cocktail-bar and the cloak-room quite considerably; but it is upstairs, where, in 1929, no less than one hundred and seventeen thousand pounds was taken,

M. and Mme. Paul Dubonnet dancing together at the Embassy, as is their custom when they are in England

that it is all so intriguing. Ambrose, who hates to be told that he looks like Mickey Mouse, leans against the piano and smiles absently as he watches the members dancing in the ludicrously overcrowded floor-space. Most people think that his orchestra is the best in London; I do myself. Managers of rival establishments say jealously that his orchestra makes all tunes sound the same.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Sir Robert Throckmorton, and Lady Ashley having supper together at a table near the door

In any event, table after table seems to have its favourite occupant. The Prince of Wales and his brothers nearly always have the table on the left as you go in; Lord Sefton has for years preferred the one facing the door; Ivor Guest regularly takes the second on the left; Philips Oppenheim, who always reminds me of an old-time prizefighter, sits at the centre dining-table at the left-hand end of the room; Frederick Lonsdale used to prefer the one nearest the orchestra in the far right-hand corner. There is hardly a film-star who has visited England who has not been to the Embassy. I myself took Adolphe Menjou and his then current wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, all for the first time. Gary Cooper, Janet Gaynor—one can reel off name after name. It is as much on their schedule when visiting London as the Houses of Parliament.

One of the comforts of the Embassy is, that if you have been away for five years and return, the members and guests will almost certainly be exactly the same as they were at your last visit. Mrs. Cecil Pim, Nelson Keys and Mr. Victor Gordon-Lennox are some of the very few people who do not seem to go there as much as they did. Everyone regrets the absence of Peter, who, I fancy, is still in his Italian nursing-home. Jackson, the cat, is dead from an over-stuffed liver. Several of the waiters have gone to be maîtres d'hôtels elsewhere. But you can always be sure of seeing the Eddy Barons, the Gateses, the Simon Markses, the Edward Willses, the Gulbenkians, Julie Thompson, and dozens of other regulars, particularly on Thursdays.

Downstairs they have a very distinguished visitors' book, kept by Stevens, with the names of practically every crown prince, if not king, in Europe. Scarcely one, even of the oldest members, knows the names of the club servants like Wicks in the cloakroom, and Maud and Blanche in the women's dressing-room. All of them, though, would agree that Lady Plunket is the best amateur exhibition dancer, and Lady Portarlington the best ball-room dancer among the women members; just as Ivor Guest is the best of the men. Lord and the new Lady Furness often visit the club, the former being scarcely ever accompanied by his doctor, as he used to be before his second marriage. Their Graces of Marlborough are as often as not in the club. But Lady Bridget Poulett and Mrs. Charles Sweeny use it less than they did. The same must be said of my long-chinned ex-playmate, Sir Anthony Weldon. Of the marrieds, you have your pick of the Westminsters, Dalkeiths, Scarsdales, Buchanan-Jardines, Brownlows, Ossories, Edward Hays, Hillingdons, Inchcapes, and Bectives. Among the not-so-marrieds, Prince Ali Khan stands out.

What always beats me is how members like to be wretchedly jostled on Thursday, when, on Tuesdays and Wednesdays in particular, it is pleasantly full. Perhaps they like an excuse not to dance, which, on reflection, is very rude to Ambrose.

One of the new additions to the club is the brace of twin page-boys known as Gog and Magog. They can scarcely tell themselves apart. Certainly no one else can.

Decorated now like the most expensive shiny green and glass biscuit-box, the Embassy has been imitated all over the world. It has the most brilliant membership, the most delicious hors d'œuvres, and the most discreet staff in Great Britain. The flashlight photographer is taboo. The cellar is first-class. It is a pity, though, that they do not make full evening-dress compulsory for the men.

Lupe Velez talking to Ambrose while she dances and he makes a halt in his fiddling

Roye, Paris

MISTINGUETTE—THE EVER-YOUNG

It would, perhaps, be indiscreet to refer to the age of Mistinguette, but it can be truthfully said that she has been the idol of the Parisian public for very many years. In the revue in which she is playing at the Folies Bergère, called "Folies en Folies," a rehearsal of part of which is shown above, she retains a firm hold over her public. Her comedy scenes with the French comedian, Randal, cause as much laughter as her lissome grace and perfectly-shaped, world-famous legs excite admiration

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

THE Christmas-card trade appears still to flourish this year, though we never get any cards ourselves, except from Anna May Wong. Last Christmas, the charming star's card represented (for some reason) an elephant. We 're still puzzling that out. Was it, we ask ourselves, anything personal ?

As Mr. J. C. Squire remarked a few years ago, Christmas cards are getting more and more chaste and austere. Mezzotints from the Old Masters, and wood-cuts by modern artists of repute, have practically ousted the old fat-robin-and-snow-bound-church card of our childhood. We observe that this year one of the " artistic " Christmas-card firms is issuing a series of jokes and pictures from *Punch*, which, we expect, will be pretty good and Christmassy, or (in their own words) " will make a welcome variety."

We can't find out when and where Christmas cards began, as we know them now. Did the Prince Consort import them, with the Christmas Tree, from Germany ? There was a furious traffic in them when we were very young, and we remember, as if it were yesterday, the thrill of buying our own specimens at sixpence a go, and, as we grew slightly older, pencilling a " 1s." in front of the price as marked on the back before posting to selected relatives. This stroke of big business we afterwards encountered in *The Diary of a Nobody*, but we 're prepared to swear we thought of it independently. That 's why to-day we employ 500,000 operatives in 57 factories covering 17,000 acres, our business supremacy being due entirely to energy, application, and Vision.

High Temperatures

THE wave of hysteria which has been sweeping New York ever since the Savoy Opera Company began its season there last month (" Jazz-Weary Broadway Croons *Mikado* Melodies—Tired Business Men In Queues Sing Lilting Sullivan Tunes "), confirms us in our opinion that Mr. Alexander Woollcott, the New York critic, was coldly correct when he described Gilbert and Sullivan fanatics lately as victims of paranoia.

We took a careful look at them from our stall one night, during the last London Savoy Opera season. Glazed eyes, clenched fists, flushed features, hard breathing, furious hissing at every cough or sneeze interrupting the high celebration, ritual demands for three encores at least for each number, and a sort of maniac glare during the intervals—the symptoms are pretty familiar to any pathologist. If anybody had the nerve to shout " Fish ! " (we realised) he would be torn in pieces on the spot. So we sat tight, and endured Buttercup's sweet and piffling song, and the arch humours of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., without a murmur. When it was over, one of the congregation who had observed our lack of frenzy spat at us, and called us a Bolshevik. He had pince-nez, a long neck, and a peculiar dancing Adam's apple. We 're told most of them have.

Actually, we 're not surprised that the Americans are going haywire over it. It 's at exactly the opposite pole of unsophistication from the negroid melodies of Broadway, and it must be as soothing as a diet of treacle-pudding after over-indulgence in raw spirit. We 're not *cross* about it, you know. Every man to his taste. We just don't like being regarded as enemies of the Constitution because we can't huddle in with the worshippers and gash ourselves with knives, that 's all.

Re-Incarnations

No. 10.—Jupiter and Mercury

(Sir John Simon and Mr. Anthony Eden)

Let 's Go to a Show

SPEAKING of tired business men, we thought for a moment of applying for the job of dramatic critic on *Trade and Engineering*, described as " the new monthly review for the Business Man," the first number of which came out the other day under the ægis of old Auntie *Times*.

Our view of this feature was quite practical and straightforward. Just a handsome double-page in colour of photographs of actresses' legs, taken from every angle, with a quarter-column of brief, informative notes explaining in simple language the plot of the best farces and musical plays in Town, and pointing out the best legs involved. This we should have varied month by month with a sparkling series on Theatrical Legs Throughout the Ages, and interviews with famous contemporary legs, like Mistinguett's or Spinelly's, naturally embracing the insurance angle. In a word, we were prepared to become the Boss Agate of the business world, and a romantic, but strictly

"Mistletoe my eye! That's Ilex Aquifolium"

conducted Introductions Bureau would have yielded us a nice bit of graft on the side. Don't think this bureau would be merely a matter of introducing selected business men (with guarantors) and pocketing two commissions, either. Very many show-girls have been well brought up, and are rather sniffy about the City.

We abandoned our project on learning that most progressive business men keep a Legs Secretary to choose their shows for them.

Ads. on the Air

IF one result of the threatened boom in new high-power wireless stations all over Europe is to give us more advertising "sponsors," we shan't worry much, because we rather like them, within reason.

We 've heard it all in America, Heifetz and Gigli and other international stars mixed up with heart-to-heart chats on toothpaste and laxatives, but we 've never heard a more beautiful example than that which floated over the air late one night recently, from Toulouse, if we 're not mistaken. To the passionate strains of Mimi's song from *La Bohème*, a rich, clear voice of the Midi, full of the South, throbbing with sunshine and the spirit of the vines and olive-groves, spoke to us about a new soap for washing clothes. It blended perfectly with Puccini. It was a work of pure art, we thought. The music faded and swelled, the voice pleaded richly with Mesdames and Messieurs to bring joy into the home with this admirable, this exquisite, this formidable new soap; and we thought how many priggish talks from the B.B.C. we would gladly swap for this entertainment.

The outcry in this country (where wireless is a monopoly, remember) against this kind of thing seems to us pure snobbery. Do you really think it 's terrible of us to be so bored by all the theorising scientists and dons? A fat lot we care what you think, anyway.

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 10.—Lord Castlerosse

LORD CASTLEROSSE, Lord Castlerosse, he 's never, never at a loss
For anything to write about;
And he can be most bright about
All things beneath the sun.
With gusto he 'll discuss new cars, and Papal Legates, and cigars;
Or wives who mess about a lot
And make their husbands doubt a lot,
And keep them on the run.

Lord Castlerosse, Lord Castlerosse, he 's always readable becos'
He 'll never wax too mad about
The harmless, half-wit gadabout,
But pulls his leg instead;
And does not fear to write a line or two in praise of first-class wine,
Although some silly goat 'll err
Through being no teetotaller,
And lose his feet and head

Lord Elephant and Castlerosse, he is a genial old hoss
Who frankly owns he thinks a lot
Of golf, and haunts the links a lot
Though working with the best;
And on this point most of us are agreed: his pars are up to par,
Indeed, his punch, as he can show
Is stronger than aught *we* can show
When we 're put to the test.

B. W.

"Nevertheless, I still say your bath-tubs are too small"

"I believe those things are quite good to eat"

Agony Strip

Incidentally, the increasing vogue of the "strip" advertisement, telling a harrowing moral story in a series of half a dozen or more little pictures, seems destined to defeat its objects before long. They're overdoing it, as usual.

We tried a test the other day. In our morning paper was one of these strips, starting with the photograph of a haggard woman, with frozen agony depicted on every feature, crying aloud "I Simply Can't Bear It!" or words to that effect. Covering over the rest of the stuff, we tried to guess:

1. Whether one of her guests had fainted at a dirty tea-spoon, due to her not washing up with "Bumpo";
2. Whether she had been forsaken by her friends, who dared not tell her the truth, due to her not gargling with "Gumpo";
3. Whether (always a bridesmaid, never a bride) she had just realised that she ought to be a user of "Tumpo";
4. Whether she had been ostracised by the neighbours for not washing her curtains with "Zumpo";
5. Whether her terrible nerves, the talk of London, were due to her not taking "Wumpo."

As a matter of fact, the unhappy woman was shattered and broken because she had not had her shoes cleaned that morning with "Clumpo." We have seldom seen such spiritual torment. We think, nevertheless, it might have a more tremendous moral effect on the public if the advertising boys didn't lay on the horror equally thickly for each of the situations we have cited. Surely there are degrees of misery?

That Glass Complex

In one of the flightier Sunday papers, we noted advance news of a plot, said to have been planned by Oxford undergraduates, to make a "clean sweep" of Belisha beacons in the West End on the night of the Oxford v. Cambridge Rugby match this very week. Two teams, or gangs, of twenty-five cars a side, were to take part in this clever rag, the raiders armed with spanners. The University authorities were said by Our Special Correspondent to be averse to the scheme. Professor Evelyn Waugh, the well-known psychologist, has remarked on the characteristic noise made by "the English county families baying for broken glass." We don't know if Freud or anybody has ever thought up a theory to account for this engaging Oxford passion, which must be a fixation or a libido of some sort, and a gift to the psycho-analysts. (Herbert Spencer, the economist, had it in another form, when, excited by love or wine, he used to hide old ladies' wool, laughing like a hyena.) Why does any group of Oxford men, being one over the eight, make instinctively for the nearest windows and smash them to blazes? Herr Dr. Freud, known to his many friends as Uncle Libido, doubtless has a pretty murky sexual explanation, his funny old mind working that way. Ourselves, we should say it's a No. 1 Anti-Œdipus complex impelling the patient to kick Alma Mater in the stomach when freed, alcoholically, from normal repressions. It's no use kicking fake-Gothic, which only hurts, whereas glass not only gives way with a heavenly noise, but affords great æsthetic and sensual pleasure in the smashing. Children, undergraduates, and Red mobs in Spain know all about this.

Now shall we whisper to you the truth about those odd dreams you keep getting about ladders? No? *Really?*

Niminy Piminy

Some provincial borough councillor or other charmed us not a little the other day. He thought "street-cleaner" was rather vulgar and derogatory, and suggested that these useful municipal servants would prefer to be called "highwaymen." His council turned him down.

We're all for refinement ourselves. We think an awful lot of words are coarse. We wish people would call a sugar-bowl, for example, a binette, and an undertaker a mortician, and a bitch a lady-dog, and a spade an implement for triturating the soil. A volume we used to pore over with delight, before a literary thief sneaked it from us, was the terrible Mr. Mencken's classic treatise, *The American Language*, which had a whole chapter devoted to current Puritan euphemisms for coarse, vulgar words (most of them Scriptural, Chaucerian, Shakespearian, and even Johnsonian). Such a handbook or breviary of suburban priggism has rarely been compiled. Most of it applies equally to our own dear land.

Talking of Dr. Johnson, you may remember what that great and good man said once to a Thames bargee who was rude to him. "Sir," said the Doctor, "your wife, under the pretence of keeping a bawdy-house, is a receiver of stolen goods." That simple, strong, just, and entirely admirable bit of English would make Fleet Street buck and rear like a frightened horse, or like Austin Dobson when he had to repeat Johnson's verdict on the *Letters* of Lord Chesterfield. Coyly, hastily, blushing to the finger-tips, Mr. Dobson daintily changed the operative word (a Scriptural one) to "courtesan."

Footnote

Heavens! we nearly forgot the L.C.C., who are reported to be changing the name of their labour-training establishments from "colonies" to "farms," the word "colony" being "associated with many different kinds of establishments, and being likely to convey a wrong impression."

Is this delicacy? We do hope so.

The Bystanders.

• FILMS of the DAY

The General, the Private, and the Public

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Left: Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in the film of that cheerful and tuneful musical comedy, "Gay Divorce." It's just a year since the stage version of it was on at the Palace

Francis Lederer makes a handsome young soldier, and Joan Bennett an attractively shy country maid in the film of the American "bundling" play which was shown at the Plaza last week

"The Pursuit of Happiness"

"Gay Divorce"

GEORGE ARLISS, world-famous and most popular of film stars, English-born but American-made, plays for the first time in a British film in *The Iron Duke*. He has said that it is his best picture. Certainly he is in great form as our famous general. His flair for portrayal of historically romantic figures, his humour, his unostentatious manner of taking the histrionic bit between his teeth and running away with any title rôle are well to the fore, and, within the limits of the picture, he is impeccable.

The fact that the genial, humorous, and platonically flirtatious hero of the film is hardly our conception of the Iron Duke, with his autocratic features and manner of speech, is not Mr. Arliss's fault, and it is, perhaps, impolite to remember that at the time he (and Blucher) defeated Napoleon at Waterloo the Duke of Wellington was only forty-six, and Mr. Arliss, even at his most sprightly—playing wild beasts, on all fours, with the Duchess of Richmond's children, cavalier to the hero-worshipping Lady Frances Webster at the historic eve of Waterloo ball and the Paris opera house—is evidently not quite so young as he feels.

The Battle of Waterloo, a splendid military tournament, punctiliously founded on actual records, including the "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" episode, is a little invalidated by a line which even Mr. Arliss cannot make convincing, when, with Napoleon in sight and range, he says that generals do not fire on generals! In modern warfare, of course, they seldom get the opportunity.

The settings and the cast are more than impressive. Mr. Allan Aynesworth's Louis XVIII. is easily the most authentic portrait; the personality of Gladys Cooper as Madame is somewhat obscured by wig and costume, and her intrigue against the urbane Duke a little too languid to engender fear. Ellaline Terriss is charming and gracious as the complacent Duchess of Wellington. Franklyn Dyall appears to suffer from lack of material (other than uniform and moustache) on which to found a characterisation of Blucher. Lesley Wareing brought an appropriate ingenuousness to the part of Lady Frances Webster, whose admiration for Wellington nearly ruined his career (according to our author).

The Iron Duke is excellent entertainment, a beautiful production, and a provocation to furbish up one's facts about that interesting character, the first Duke of Wellington.

MORE kings and statesmen and uniforms in *The Pursuit of Happiness*, a glimpse of George III. and his Minister, Pitt, against a palatial setting. The King is inspired to buy a Hessian force to fight the rebellious Americans. Among the recruits is a care-free pacifist musician. Attracted by the promise of liberty, land, and "the pursuit of happiness," he deserts, and is captured by the daughter of a puritanical American family. The rest of the story is the development of the love-affair between the Hessian and the New England maiden, and their battle with the bigoted pastor who rules the community and is averse to "bundling," a custom by which American courtship was conducted, in bed (but fully clothed!).

Francis Lederer is the devotee of liberty and happiness, and over-stresses the smiling simplicity of the character. Joan Bennett's prettiness is appropriate to the sprigged-muslin siren. Charles Ruggles supplies the comedy as her father, who has recurrent attacks of stomach trouble on the Sabbath which call for bibulous rather than religious ministrations. A "pretty" picture, for audiences who like mild rather than highly seasoned mental menus.

AFTER all these uniforms, "mufti" is a relief. *Gay Divorce* is a charming entertainment. If you care nothing at all about dancing, it may not amuse you. The "plot," the arrangement, and the cast are all designed to exploit Fred Astaire's marvellous agility and Ginger Rogers's grace and verve as dancers.

Mimi wants a divorce, and her solicitor arranges to send a "professional co-respondent" to meet her at Brighton (a glorious, Hollywooded Brighton!). Traditional musical-comedy misunderstandings lead her to think that a charmingly devoted young man, actually a famous professional dancer, is the hireling. The progress of the theme to the happy ending is brightly, lightly, and swiftly executed. The dance numbers are excellent, and the music and lyrics, by Cole Porter, Mack Gordon, and Harry Revel, excellent of their kind. "The Continental," by Con Conrad and Herb Magidson, will keep dance orchestras busy during the Christmas holidays. Edward Everett Horton, as the hero's wise-ass friend, is the extra attraction in an all-round excellent entertainment.

A New "Team"

Greta Garbo and Herbert Marshall in "The Painted Veil"

"THE PAINTED VEIL" was completed last month in the M.-G.-M. Studios, so it probably won't be long before it 's shown over here. Garbo plays the Austrian heroine of Somerset Maugham's story, and Herbert Marshall appears as the English doctor she marries and accompanies to China, only to find herself left to her own devices while her husband works. George Brent has the part of the man she meets out there, during her lonely days. Some of the Chinese scenes in the film are as spectacular as any yet produced in a film studio; months were spent in building the set and rehearsing for the great Chinese festival of the Wedding of the Sun and the Moon, which is only shown for two minutes in the film. "The Painted Veil" is Garbo's last film in her M.-G.-M. contract, but since it was finished, she has put her signature to a new contract, thus settling the rumours as to whether or not she would leave Hollywood and go back to Sweden

Sisters

The Swiss Minister's Two Lovely Daughters

Below is a new photograph of the Swiss Minister's attractive younger daughter, Mlle. Jacqueline Paravicini; she has grown much more like her elder sister, Livia, since she has been through the polishing and grooming of her first London season. She was presented at Court in May. Another thing she has in common with her elder sister is her popularity and the number of friends she has in London

Mlle. Livia Paravicini

Mlle. Livia Paravicini, M. and Mme. Paravicini's elder daughter, is quite as well known in London as most ex-débutantes, and does as much good work as any in the way of helping on charity committees, and so on. She was a member of the Five-Square Committee of the Red Cross Ball a week or two back. Her father is one of the vice-presidents of the D'Abernon Club, which held an amusing Christmas Ball last week at the May Fair in aid of its Hospitality Fund

Left:

Mlle. Jacqueline Paravicini

Photographs by Peter North

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

SOMEBODY asked me the other day if I knew where Hangover Lodge was? I asked Directory Enquiry, and they sensibly told me not to ask stupid questions. Now, if it had been Hanover Lodge, I could have told them about all the wonderful parties which are given there.

THESE gambling-parties for charity are creating a big noise. The one held at Sunderland House seems to have shaken up people somewhat. For those who want to know what really happened, ask Sir Alfred Butt what took place when somebody wanted change for a £100 plaque. From some such incidents as this comes the expression "Plaqué-d," we presume.

I also am so anxious to know who threw the glass at Mrs. Charles Walsh's party. Jack Harris was there, Carroll Gibbons, also two of the Yacht Club Boys. Mrs. Stewart Brown was there, and her watchful eyes miss very little; Mrs. Royston also was not asleep. I heard that the culprit was a pretty ex-débutante, whose manners were reported to have improved so much that I am unwilling to believe that she was guilty.

Lord Birkenhead and Miss Sheila Berry

Lord Birkenhead and his fiancée, Miss Sheila Berry, in a black velvet cap and fur coat, and wearing dark red carnations, sketched downstairs at "Quag.'s"

LAST echoes of the royal wedding are the sale of the wedding cake at Princess Beatrice's Ball at Grosvenor House, in which Mr. Simon Marks and Mr. Claude Leigh were bidders in the cause of charity. Distinguished foreign guests had a great time in Buckingham Palace. During one of the receptions two of them found a nice, deserted writing-room, with lovely note-paper, with red crowns and the address on it. "Souvenir," as Giovanni says in his cabaret turn. And they suited the action to the word.

Mrs. Mills

Above: Mrs. Mills ("Beryl") was sketched when she was dining at the Apéritif with a friend. She is wearing one of the new halo hats—an attractive fashion revived

Lady Carrick

Right: Lady Carrick, who is on the committee of the "Ten-Bob Dance" to be given at Covent Garden on December 19th. Her cap is trimmed with bands of astrakhan

THERE is to be a large Christmas party at Vaynol, Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith's place in Anglesey. Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish (they never let us down for news, nor do Mr. "Chips" and Lady Honor Channon) will be there, also Lord and Lady Jersey, Mr. Charles Birkin, and Miss Olga Lynn.

The last-named is very pleased with the success of her Aeolus concerts: at the last one Piatigorsky and Orloff played, a

The Marchesa Marconi

The Marchesa Marconi and her small daughter, Elettra, have come over to London for Christmas. Elettra was brought specially to please her father, who has been in a nursing home

The Comtesse de Pret-Roose

A new photograph, taken at Ellens Green, in Surrey, of "the £23,000-a-year Countess," whose case against her husband made quite a bit of a stir, especially as she was bravely outspoken about her friendship with Major Carlos Clarke

Elwin Neame

Mrs. Percy Illingworth

Mrs. Percy Illingworth, before her marriage last year to the late the Rt. Hon. Percy Illingworth's younger son, was Miss Margaret Dixson. Her son, Peter David, was born four months ago

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON (continued)

magnificent combination. The next one will be held on January 19th, by which time Miss Lynn's social "chicks" should be back for the Lent term.

On the 29th of this month there sail for New York Mr. and Mrs. Pat Davidson, Mr. "Bob" Lebus, Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, and Lady Phyllis Allen, who has promised to sing at the ship's concert on New Year's Eve. This is only one of the very numerous requests she has received since appearing in our "Popular Women" series.

The Party Number One, given for Queen Charlotte's Hospital, was, of course, a great success as it was run by Mr. Seymour Leslie. All Lili Damita's fans were hoping that the mise-en-scène of the film at the Curzon would be Leeds Castle, where she so often stays. It was, however, a French-y little film, and the very smart audience which was there was able to giggle all the time, even at moments when it did not understand the language. A move was afterwards made to Sunderland House, where there was a champagne-party. The Duchess of Westminster was there, Lady Howard de Walden, Mrs Eustace Storey had a large party, Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth had cut short a visit to Paris to the d'Estainvilles in order to be back in time; Lord Grimthorpe, Lady Veronica Hornby, and, "without whom no party is complete," Mr. "Johnny" MacMullin. Ski-girls, please note—he is not going to Kitzbühl after all.

There is sure to be a big exodus this year to Switzerland and Austria for winter sports. Already those hard-worked souls who returned about a month ago from their summer holidays are starting to bleat about wanting some sun. The Houses of Parliament and our schools break up now with but one thought—the holidays. After all, Parliament and our schoolboys are always so deliciously naïve in their thoughts.

Most of the best people have finished shooting their pheasants now, and leave the cocks for the poor relations to chivvy out of the coverts as best they can, with an occasional day's rabbiting when the keeper does not want the ferrets.

There have been some wonderful bags obtained this year. The Duke of Marlborough and his guests killed 1200 pheasants in a day at Blenheim: the Duke himself is a very fine and quick shot, and gets his gun off very sharply—as slow shots to his left and right have often found.

Lord Dalkeith is another fine shot: he, Lord William Scott, Captain Arthur Hope and Mr. Harry Brown did some rare damage in the Lowlands.

Not many people would imagine that Mr. Claude Leigh is a good shot: he certainly is, as he has proved all this season in Sir John Dewrance's syndicate at Wretham, in which he has a gun. At one stand he got fifty-five birds the other day—nobody is a bad shot who can do that.

It was at another shooting-lodge in that vicinity where Captain "Fruity" Metcalfe, having dressed with that consummate care which constitutes his matutinal activities, had the frightening experience of seeing the ceiling fall in front of him as he descended the stairs for a late-ish breakfast.

For winter sports I hear that Kitzbühl will be very popular. Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge and Mme. Ralli are going to qualify for the title of "Les Snow-Girls"—they are to share a chalet. Lord Rothermere, after a tour in Germany, will probably spend Christmas there with his grandchildren, and, of course, in St. Moritz the advance guard of Mr. Billie Reardon and Captain D'Arcy Rutherford has already been sighted on the Engadine express.

MR. PEEPS

Captain Geoffrey Crawshay

Captain Geoffrey Crawshay, who is a descendant of the famous Welsh family, the Crawshays of Cyfarthfa, is the new District Commissioner for South Wales appointed under the Depressed Areas Act. He was photographed in his office in Cardiff

Woman to Woman

Miss Avril Loyd looked as if she was enjoying herself the other night at the Savoy, and was extremely attractive in red, in the same party as Mr. Derek Morley, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg, and the latter's sister, Miss Ursula Horlick. Miss Dorothy Hyson was also seen, dancing round with Mr. Robert Douglas (actor, not hairdresser); while Mr. Guy Farquhar, paying one of his fleeting visits to London, propelled a girl friend round the room. Lady Moyra Combe, looking as lovely as ever, was dancing with

The Elwes-Beckwith Wedding

Captain J. H. Elwes, Scots Guards, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. C. Elwes, and Miss Isabel Beckwith, younger daughter of Major W. M. Beckwith and Lady Muriel Derek-Jones, were married at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Tunbridge

Miss Alva Burbidge

Miss Alva Burbidge is Sir Woodman and Lady Burbidge's youngest daughter, and is engaged to Mr. Gerald Holman, Dr. and Mrs. Holman's elder son. Her father and mother have a flat in London, and a house at Lower Beeding, in Sussex

At the No. 1 Party

Lady Lever and Lady Moira Combe were at the cinema première and supper-party at the Curzon and Sunderland House, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

Mr. Charles Mills. Mrs. Fane (née Lowther) seemed to be taking plenty of exercise too. How good-looking Mrs. Robert Jenkinson is. She was wearing brown that night and was à deux.

Who is the lady, tall and fair,
With laughing eyes and blondest hair,
Who favours white for evening wear?

We know, and Lord Glanusk obviously did, too, since he was with her that night; and what a handsome couple they are, too.

A Cocktail-Party Group

Miss Betty Maudsley, who has just opened a shop in Bruton Street, Miss Angela Manning, Miss Jacqueline Daniels, and Miss Bee Batlivala at the cocktail-party Angela Manning's father, Mr. T. Sefton Manning, gave last week

THE last Sandown meeting, which, incidentally, is the last meeting of the year there, took place in almost spring-like weather. We can't remember ever before seeing women in spring suits without overcoats in December. We saw Miss Diana Gilbey, a study in brown in a check design; various Wilsons, Sir Matthew talking to friends; Mr. and Mrs. Alex Wilson, discussing form with Mrs. "Boy" Wilson. Another we saw was Mrs. Vernon Tate, weighed down with mink, which she must have found a bit overheating, while her husband carried her mackintosh, in case of accidents. Captain and Mrs. Douglas Faulkner were together, she very attractive, as usual. They now come under the heading of "regular race-goers." Mrs. Rank was busy; while the Master of Grey looked very "horsey" with his yellow spotted stock round his neck. He was in attendance on Lady Lindsay, whose horses he looks after. Mrs. Quintin Gilbey was there, of course — she never seems to miss a meeting—and Mrs. Luke Lillingstone had various race-course friends with her. Talking of racing, we shall see much more of the Willoughby de Brokes on the course now that he is definitely giving up the hounds. He's really far keener on that form of sport than he is on hunting. The Philip Dunne's we shall probably see more of, too, for the same reason. Warwickshire will be sorry to lose them, but what's one man's loss is another man's gain.

ON a night out not so very long ago, we bumped into Mr. and Lady Joan Newman dancing round the floor together. Another cricketer who took up his fair share of room was Mr. A. P. F. Chapman. Miss Eileen Broughan out with a boy friend we also saw; ditto, Lady Barbara Bevan, in a black frock with yellow and green flowers on it. Another with her husband was Mrs. Graham Ogden, wearing blue velvet with a massive tulle ruffle of the same colour round her neck. Lady Dalkeith looked particularly attractive that night in black, including black gauntlet gloves. She was escorted by Sir Hugh Seely. Quite one of the best dresses in the room was Lady Veronica Hornby's black model. She, like so many others there, had her husband with her. Miss Bunting Stephenson we also saw, but we could not see E.F. anywhere. Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, wearing the same frock that we spoke of a week or two ago, was another out and about that night. The dress looked lovelier than ever.

WE saw Mrs. Alan Swinton going down Bond Street the other day on foot at a nice cruising speed, and Lady Abergavenny, wrapped in a fur coat, looking rather cold. Colonel Wilfred Egerton's shining white collar gleamed at us, too, out of the December gloom, while Mrs. Charles Tremayne, in ermine, emerged from a side street and hurried on her way. Major Tommy Graves was another out for air and exercise on a non-racing day.

ANYONE who is asked will be mad if they don't go to the dance that Lady Desborough is giving for Miss Joy Salmond at Panshanger just before Christmas. It ought to be a marvellous party. Miss Salmond is Lady Desborough's daughter's step-daughter, which sounds fearfully complicated and isn't really a bit. Her father is Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond. This dance will see the bursting on the world of Miss Salmond and also of Miss Cressida Bonham-Carter, a god-daughter of Lady Desborough. There is a lovely big picture gallery at Panshanger, and dancing will be there. Everybody in Hertfordshire and for miles around will be entertaining for it, and filling their houses with debs, ex-debs, and even older females.

MRS. PEEPS

The Bing Boys are Back

A Notable Revival at the Alhambra

THE first night of "The Bing Boys Are Here" took place on April 19th, 1916, when the Bang Boys were also here, performing an air raid on London during the performance, and a somewhat restless gallery was only kept in subjection by the exhortations and glittering eye of George Robey. This noisy birthday did not prevent the revue from running 378 nights, and encouraged the authors, George Grossmith and Fred Thompson, to write a sequel, "The Bing Boys On Broadway," which achieved a run of 562 performances. The new version of the old favourite has its first performance to-night (Tuesday)

1934—*The Three Principals in "The Bing Boys Are Here" Revival*

Above: Oliver Bing (Rebla) and Lucifer Bing (George Robey), as they appear with Emma (Violet Loraine), "the only girl in the world," after leaving Binghampton for London

1916—*In Binghampton Market Place*

Above: the late Alfred Lester, Violet Loraine, and George Robey, just off to London in the original production. Right: also a scene from the original production; a later one showing the same artists with Emma, now blossoming forth as Mary McGay, of the Pall Mall Theatre. It adds greatly to the interest of the revival that Violet Loraine and George Robey are appearing in their original parts

1916—*The Bing Boys and Emma Meet at the "Zoo"*

STATUETTE: by John Everard

"The Scarlet P

Alexander Korda Make
Baroness Orczy's Most F

Below: Merle Oberon as La

Playing Lady Blakeney's part (it used to b Korda film, which Harold Young directed, w before she went to America. There she is m tieth Century, with Maurice Chevalier as he Scarlet Pimpernel," which is one of London will have its première at the Leicester Square and is certain to fill all seats while the boys and

Tunbridge

Leslie Howard as Sir Percy Blakeney

Sir Percy, with his "Demmit!" his gallant rescues, his fine manners, and his skill at outwitting and bamboozling the revolutionary villains, has been the hero of a good many young gentlemen and young ladies in their early teens. If they'd seen the play, the Scarlet Pimpernel and Fred Terry were as one in their minds; it was one of that actor's best-known parts. Now comes Leslie Howard to give the hero a new form and style, and a very fascinating Blakeney he will be. By the end of the Christmas holidays, he's guaranteed to have collected innumerable young "fans"

t Pimpernel"

a Makes a Film of Most Famous Novel

ron as Lady Blakeney

t used to be Julia Neilson's) in the directed, was Merle Oberon's last job re she is making a picture for Twen- valier as her opposite number. "The of London Films' biggest productions, ster Square Theatre on December 21st, the boys and girls are home from school

Raymond Massey as Chauvelin

Here's a fine villain to draw the hisses of the audiences. Raymond Massey plays that dog Chauvelin, French revolutionary Ambassador in London, and most cunning of secret agents to spy out escaped aristocrats and their helpers. This was Horace Hodges' part in the stage play

Tunbridge

AT ARM'S LENGTH FROM THE SKY: TWO SKI-ERS ON MONT ENGELBERG

To be high above the world, nearer, it seems, to the blue sky and light, drifting clouds than to the valley below—this is the hard-held hope of the beginner as he picks himself wearily up for the hundredth time out of the tousled snow of the nursery slopes. Above Engelberg, in its open, sunny valley, are the ski-fields he dreams of, and to carry him there are two friendly funiculars, the Gerschni and the Trubsee. These two ski-ers on Mont Engelberg are nearly at the top of their climb before the run-down

Deserting the Pitch for the Links

Well-Known Cricketers with Women Partners Meet Mrs. Percy Chapman's Team at Worplesdon

Top, left: R. Robertson-Glasgow and Mrs. J. Akers-Douglas (Cricketers), and Mrs. Hicks and J. Cooper

Left: Col. W. Ozanne and Mrs. Percy Chapman, and B. A. Valentine and Miss Jean Hamilton (Cricketers)

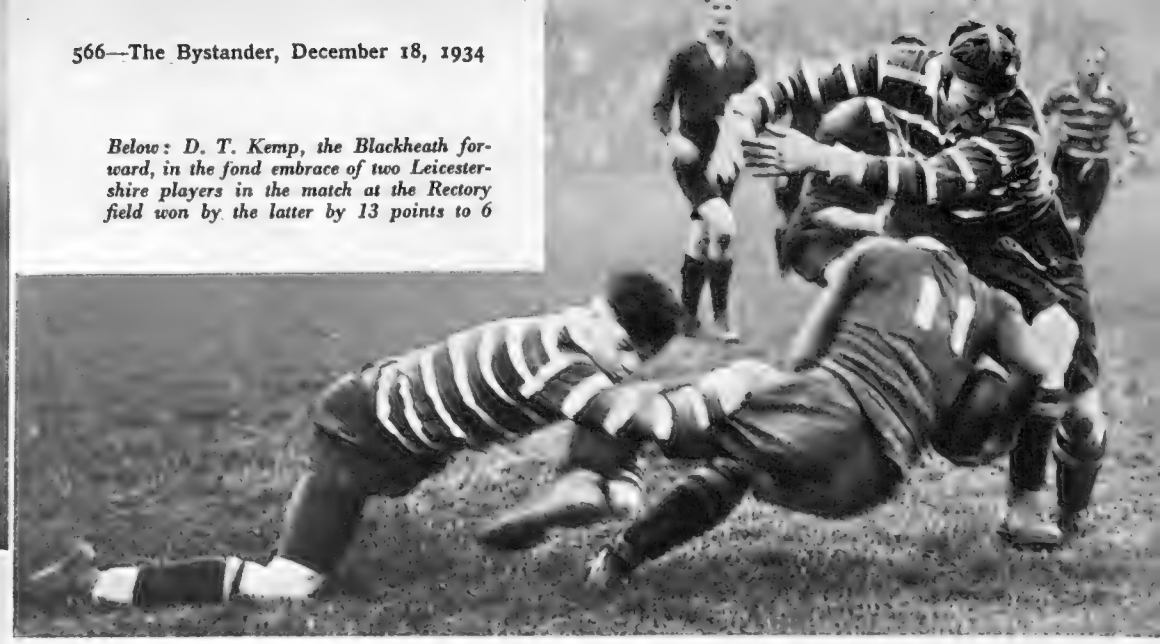
Right: R. Bardsley with his partner, Mrs. Howell (Cricketers). Mrs. Chapman's team won the whole match by 12 matches to 9

Above: A. P. F. Chapman and Miss Diana Fishwick (Cricketers), and Mrs. Fleming and Jack Neilson

Above, left: H. J. Enthoven and Mrs. Cranstoun, and M. J. Allom and Mrs. Allom (Cricketers)

Left: Miss K. Garnham and the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe (Cricketers), and Miss M. Peech and J. S. Morrison

Right: J. Akers-Douglas and Miss M. Patrick (Cricketers), and Miss B. Newell and A. M. Harris



Below: D. T. Kemp, the Blackheath forward, in the fond embrace of two Leicestershire players in the match at the Rectory field won by the latter by 13 points to 6

Sport with the Lid Off :

By "Mark Over"

Just this past week or so we 've been hearing quite a lot about a world's title fight between Max Adalbert Baer—the "slapstick" champion—and our own Jack Petersen.

It might, of course, have been just a subtle bit of publicity for Petersen's defence of the British heavy-weight championship against the Australian, George Cook. On the other hand, it might have been an honest-to-goodness offer. Who knows, in these topsy-turvy days?

"Rugger" Personalities Photographed

Top, left: C. R. Hopwood, Richmond's captain, and W. W. Wakefield, the famous International who refereed the Richmond-Newport match at the Old Deer Park, Richmond

Top middle: Vincent Griffiths, old International, and Newport's secretary, and E. de Lissa, the secretary of Richmond

Lower middle: A. S. Roncoroni, the Richmond heavy-weight forward International, in conversation with Mrs. Elrington

Below, left: H. C. Wyles, captain of Newport, and A. G. Fear (Newport), who was capped for Wales against Scotland and Ireland

Below: A. Key, an International scrum-half, and captain of Old Cranleighans, with F. J. Reynolds, Old Cranleighans' stand-off half

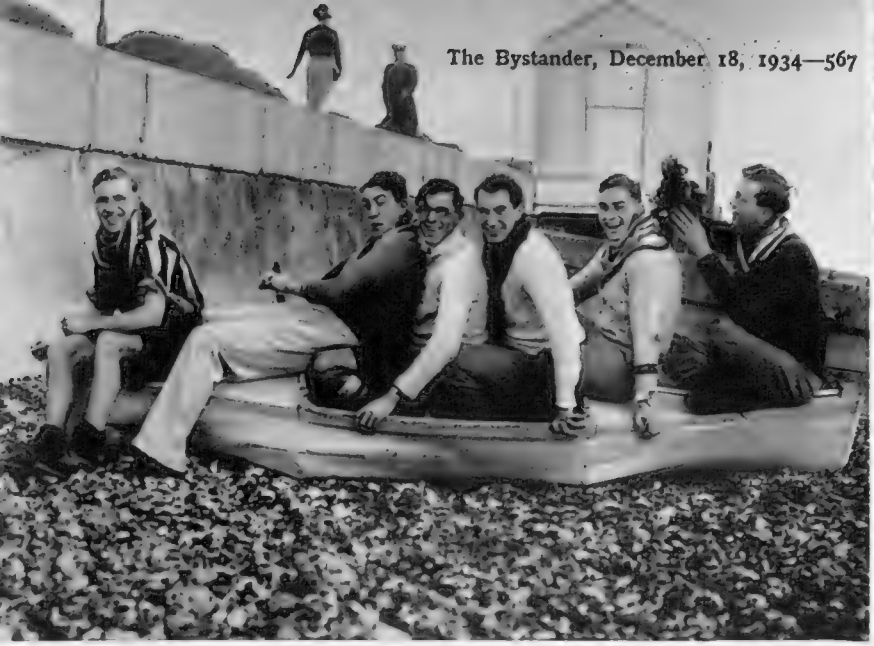
However, Baer is strangely silent on the offer. And small wonder. The terms—40 per cent. of the gate-receipts, with a £15,000 guarantee—for a fight in England, in the Derby week of next year, look imposing. Imposing, that is, to us. But what does Baer think of them?

Well, I see that only a few days ago he made his first ring appearance since he clowned and clouted his way to victory over Primo Carnera at the Yankee Stadium on Long Island. Mark you, this was positively his first time with the gloves on since June! What did he get? For an exhibition bout against one Johnny Miller, an Iowa cruiser-weight, Baer reaped a £15,000 harvest. Think of it! £15,000 for four rounds—and with no title at stake!

Now, Max Adalbert Baer may be a clown in the ring; he may be boxing's buffoon; but when it comes to the dollars, then Wall Street can teach him nothing. So just now he is busily "cashing-in" on the title he took from Carnera. He is a night-club host. He is broadcasting. He is smiling his famous smile over the footlights. He is acting as referee—at fat sums—at wrestling matches. Then why on earth should he risk losing his title for a mere £15,000? That is not all; Baer is able to coin dollars from the films, and he is better "box office" with a world's boxing crown than without one.

Apart from all this, I think that when Baer does step into a ring in defence of his championship, he will do so only in America, and at a figure which will make £15,000 look pretty puny. His probable opponent will be Steve Hamas, an American, and not Jack Petersen. For, speaking quite frankly, Petersen is "just another British heavy-weight" to America at present. If the young Welshman means seriously to have a tilt for the title, then he will surely have to pack his bag and take a trip across the Atlantic. But Baer and the Madison Square Garden promoters won't be waiting for him as a reception committee! Not on your life. Our Petersen will have to fight his way up from the ranks, as it were, before meeting the world's champion. There are Americans with even better claims on a title bout than he—and Petersen would be expected to meet and beat them before coming anywhere near a contest with Baer.

Mention of Petersen sets me thinking of other "giant-killers," but this time in "Soccer." For instance, take the brilliant Cup-fighting record of Yeovil and Petters United, the team with a £50 wage bill. After battling through the preliminary rounds, they defeated Crystal Palace and Exeter City in clear-cut fashion. The Palace and Exeter are two pretty sound Third Division



Oxford's "Soccer" Side Stranded!

Six Oxford "Soccer" Blues on the beach at Eastbourne, where they went to get some sea air before the 'Varsity match. They are (l. to r.), J. Lee (Blackburn and St. Edmund's Hall), P. H. Williams (Bradfield and Brasenose), K. S. Duncan (Malvern and New), W. F. Moss (captain; Charterhouse and Brasenose), J. H. Bradley (Grocers' and Queen's), and J. E. B. Hill (Charterhouse and Merton)

The Women's Squash Championship

Left: Miss Margot Lumb, the winner of the Women's Squash Championship, who was runner-up last time to Miss Susan Noel, who did not compete. She is a left-hander and a very fine player. Right: the Hon. Anne Lytton-Milbanke, runner-up, who is also a rider and swimmer, who exhibits her sculpture at London Exhibitions

clubs, while Yeovil are among the Cinderellas of "Soccerdom," competing in the Western League.

Anyhow, here are Yeovil figuring in the Third Round of the Cup Competition, along with the leading League clubs in the land. And, such is the way of things in football, they have a chance of going further. We have had Cup surprises before—isn't Walsall's famous victory over the Arsenal still remembered?—and we will get them again.

TALKING of Arsenal, isn't it curious that they should come out of "the hat" second to Brighton, the gallant little Third Division club? Arsenal have a certain affiliation with Brighton, for in past Cup campaigns they have used the Third Division team's ground for light training.

Just as the Prince Regent made Brighton popular in the dim and distant days, the Arsenal—or, rather, the late Mr. Herbert Chapman—made the South Coast resort fashionable as a Cup camp. As the Highbury club played through the competition, the team would be packed off to Brighton for golf.

I well remember how, a couple of years ago, one of the biggest "Soccer" dramas in recent years was staged by Mr. Chapman on the Brighton club's ground. It was practically on the eve of the Wembley Final against Newcastle United. Earlier, Alex James, the Highbury "pocket wonder" had been badly hurt in a League game. Would he be fit for the final? Everyone was asking the question.

James was desperately anxious to play. But Mr. Chapman believed that he was unfit. Then, after a midnight telephone talk to London, Mr. Chapman called James down to Brighton for a trial. The Scot went through his paces perfectly, surviving tackle after tackle against Tom Whittaker, the Arsenal trainer.

"Just one more," said Mr. Chapman. James dribbled the ball, Whittaker went into the tackle—and crack! James was down. There was no Cup Final for him that season.

DID you notice the other day that a couple of Northampton men decided to play for their club instead of turning out for the North Midlands in the Rugby County Championship? In the end, they switched over to the county team, but for a time it certainly seemed that they thought more of their club's fixtures.

As a matter of fact, Northampton always seem to be hard hit by county matches. The North Midlands come down on them for very nearly half their fifteen. As a result, the club suffers both in playing prestige and in finance. After all, who wants to turn up to see a crowd of reserves in action? Not many of us, I'm afraid. So, you see, Northampton nearly always suffer serious losses of gate-money when the county calls on their players.

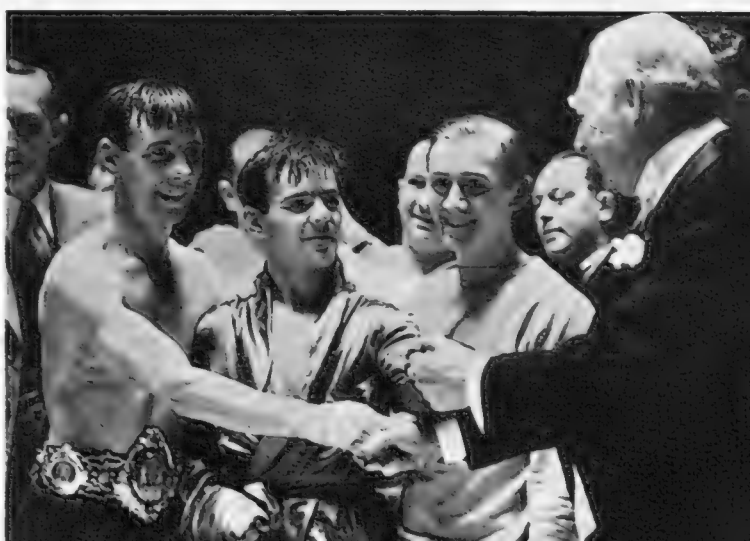
Even a "Rugger" club must live on gate-receipts in these cold, commercial days. And in saying this, I am not forgetting my good friend Howard Marshall's idea that it would be better for the game were players to stand the racket of expenses—and say hang to the crowd! That beautiful idea would keep some mighty fine lads out of Rugby. Why, they just couldn't afford to go trekking around at their own expense.

But to get back to Northampton, whose case is not much different from that of most of our premier Rugby clubs in the provinces. What seems to be the only solution of this clash of county and club fixtures is to play most representative matches in mid-week. "Soccer" has had to do it with many full-dress internationals—though for another reason. And I am giving away no secret when I say that there is every likelihood of the North Midlands shortly taking this course.

I WAS interested to see that the Maharaja of Rajpipla has been telling the newspaper boys in Bombay that "13" is his lucky number. Anyhow, we got the cables crackling with the message that when "Mr. Pip" set sail from India for England early last year, he occupied Cabin 13. He was going, too, to see his thirteenth consecutive Derby. And, of course, Windsor Lad, who carried his colours to victory in the classic race, was 13 on the board!

The Maharaja is now firmly convinced that anything with a thirteen in it is good and lucky for him. And, I may say, he is not the only sportsman to show this little kink of superstition. Patsy Hendren, the cricketer, has his lucky corner in the dressing-room at Lord's; genial Percy Chapman, the Kent skipper, always tosses for innings with a coin he got out of a Christmas pudding when he was "Down Under"; and what "Soccer" or "Rugger" team is not raised to the heights by seeing a hay-cart while travelling to a match, or, on the other hand, made gloomy by passing a funeral?

We may smile at all this superstition. But there is certainly some psychological value in these "luck-bringers." They put the sport performer in the right frame of mind for the contest ahead of him. For that reason, then, let us be tolerant to the sportsman or sportswoman who insists that some mascot—and not their own skill with eye or hand—put them on the way to victory.



Lord Lonsdale congratulating Nel Tarleton, of Liverpool, and Dave Crowley, of Clerkenwell, his opponent, after the fight for the British feather-weight title at Wembley, which was won by Tarleton, who can be seen wearing the Lonsdale belt, which, by this victory, he won outright. Crowley put up an exceedingly plucky fight, but was out-boxed

A Racing Reverie

Then—and Now

By "Regular"

Left: Freddie Fox shaking hands with Miss Mary Mills, the new joint-Master of the Old Berks, at a meet held at Kitemore, near Faringdon

Right: Sun Forward, Colin Richards much up, taking a dive over a fence during the Bookham Steeplechase at Sandown Park

Somersaults at Sandown Park

A Fox Hunts at a Fox Hunt

I SEEM to remember a time when we used to make money jumping, though that golden age seems a very long time ago as we look back on some of the results of the past few weeks and ask ourselves sadly what has happened.

IN those good old days (the more puritanical would call them the bad old days) there were two outstanding coachmen. Their names were George Duller and Fred Rees, and when either of these gentlemen was up on the fancied goods, quite seventy-five per cent. of the field would be quite content to watch the fun about a hurdle behind the leaders.

THIS, in itself, was something in your favour, and, furthermore, there was never any argument as to who should have the position next the rails. I must have seen George Duller ride in many hundreds of hurdle races, but I never remember him taking up any but one of the first two places, except on a few occasions, when he was riding for his dear old father and the animal did not happen to be greatly fancied.

THE mounts of Duller and Rees, not unnaturally, started at very short prices; but nobody minds that when the animals win. These days, we get a number of screaming hot favourites, but *they don't win*, with the result that Plumpton 's the nearest spot to the Riviera that most of us will get this winter.

IN these days a dozen or so of the leading jockeys are all much of a muchness, and they are all keen to beat one another. You will not hear Billy Speck say to Jack Anthony: "Jack Fawcus rides one of Rank's they think 's past the post. It 's no use us having a cut." The fact that the opposition is strong will make him try all the harder, which is all for the good of the game; but, you will admit, it makes life much more difficult.

THIS keen rivalry among the leading lights of the National Hunt world has been fostered by the actions of the Stewards, encouraged by the exhortations of a relation of mine, in a Sunday paper. When this relation realises that, owing to all these triers, he will have to keep the Mem and me for the remainder of our lives, he may wish he hadn't been so enthusiastic.

IN the old days, the Stewards realised there were two kinds of glasses, and, judging by some of the things that happened, I fancy they often left the first kind in the taxi on the way to the station, or on the rack in the race special.

THE other kind of glasses were, of course, the ones which held the port so graciously provided by a grateful executive in return for their very arduous duties, so conscientiously performed. "Another glass, Colonel? It 's only a selling race, and I suppose we all had mixed favourite doubles before we came down."

NOWADAYS it 's a very different kettle of fish, and the Stewards buzz around like a lot of detectives securing evidence against an erring husband. The fact that a horse is 20 to 1 does not mean that the jockey can stand up in his irons between the last two jumps and wave the others on. Oh, dear me, no! He must ride just as hard as if they 'd taken 6 to 4 about his chance.

IN the old days we often used to have instances of the fatter the horse the longer the price and the bigger the laugh. Often I have visited the paddock in November and December and seen a horse led around, and immediately there have been whispers of "It must be quite soon," and "I do hope it will be a boy." Closer inspection, however, has revealed it to be last year's National winner, just up from grass.

THE race has taken place, and last year's National winner has jumped fluently, if somewhat carefully, at the tail-end of the field. On entering the straight, his jockey has realised that the winner is just weighing-in, and so he pulls him up and trots back to the stables. In the following morning's sporting papers, we read that L.Y.N.W. has run a thoroughly satisfactory race, and that he will be a very different proposition by next March.

RECENTLY, three famous trainers had it brought home to them very sharply that though Newbury may be a very nice place, there 's no place like home in which to give your horses a schooling gallop.

I HOPE that in the above paragraphs I may have offered you a reasonable explanation of why you used to make money jumping, and why you now lose a packet, the chief reason being that, although Mr. Withington was at Eton and very likely a "Wet Bob" and keen on rowing, he and his fellow-Stewards will not allow owners, trainers, and jockeys to "row in."

No Switzerland or South of France for you this year, and as you pat the neck of your favourite hunter, ere you send him up for Tattersalls, you must take comfort this has come about because of all these triers.

A Correction

We regret that, owing to a photographer's error, Miss Margaret Greville's photograph, taken at Lingfield races, appeared in our issue of December 4th with Miss Violet de Worms's name underneath.

WILLS'S
STAR
CIGARETTES
30
CORK TIPPED
In the Cambridge Blue box
30 for 1/-
Also in packets 10 for 4D.

"It was Sir John's idea, m' Lady"

Kenneth Fyfe

Of Oundle and Caius, secretary to the Cambridge "Rugger" team and a Scottish wing three-quarter International

The Old Merchant Taylors "Rugger" Team

L. to R. standing: H. P. C. Harvey, E. W. English, L. Thorpe, H. D. Heck, M. Vaughan, T. F. Huskisson, J. Huskisson, W. D. Heck. Sitting: T. G. Blumson, R. G. Turnbull, L. Bywater, K. M. Wilkins (captain), E. F. Spragg, R. F. Tebbutt, and J. C. Arnold, the team which beat Cambridge

Geoffrey Rees-Jones

Of Ipswich and University, who is Oxford's left wing three-quarter back and is, in addition, a Welsh International

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Selectors' Problems

WHEN your expectant eyes light upon these poor words of mine, we shall have made the long journey to Falmouth—291 miles, the time-table tells me, and a stopping train at that.

It is many years since I was in Falmouth town. There was a peacock there, I remember, a stupid bird, and now that lovely clipper, the old *Cutty Sark*, has joined the pollock in the harbour as an attraction to peaceful visitors. Falmouth holds treasures for the traveller, then, and I do not doubt that there are excellent reasons for holding a Rugby Union trial match in so pleasant a town.

Whether I shall be in the same benevolent frame of mind after leaving London at midnight and reaching Falmouth at half-past ten, is another matter, and I find it a little difficult to believe that all the chosen players can spare the necessary time for travelling. Still, we must hope for the best. We must hope that this match will solve many problems. The Selectors must hope so even more than we do.

IT is rather fun, not being a Selector. We have all the excitement and none of the responsibility. We can, if it takes us that way, lie back in our easy chairs and laugh ourselves sick at the difficulty of finding a satisfactory stand-off half.

What a difficulty that is only the Selectors really know. They are using up all their centre three-quarters in a valiant attempt to solve it. When they have solved it, they will have no centres left, and the vicious circle will be in full and merry swing.

They tried R. Leyland and P. Candler at stand-off half in the Falmouth affair. You will know the result of this experiment by now, but I write in ignorance. I can only say that Leyland should fill the bill, and that Candler has had experience of the position, and that if both of them fail, J. A. Tallent might be given a crack at it.

The fact is that not a recognised stand-off half in England is up to snuff. Not one of them has the essential speed off the mark which gives an attack a reasonable chance. The English attack in the first trial match lumbered painfully. It positively creaked, and was patently hopeless. We must, in fact, explore every avenue, and in doing so leave no stone unturned in our efforts to find a stand-off half. And I rather think that Leyland will emerge from the stoney darkness as the most likely man. I do wish, though, that Heaton and Leyland were not to be divided. Perhaps they will be brought together at Twickenham.

SEVERAL correspondents have written me powerful letters on this point. It is, they say, crazy to separate these players, and I am inclined to agree.

But, I add, do not hurry the Selectors. They move in a mysterious way their wonders to perform. It may seem odd to the armchair critic that when we have an attacking centre three-quarter of genius like Heaton, he should be at once thrust out upon the wing, where his peculiar talents will surely be wasted or at least restricted. It seems odd to me, but then I do not presume to judge yet awhile. There is still another trial match. There is, in short, plenty of time.

Heaton, Cranmer, and Leyland look a pretty acute-angled triangle of mid-field players, I must say, and with Leyland at the sharp or stand-off half end, the triangle becomes a wedge which should split most defences.

BUT here we are, worrying ourselves about stand-off halves when what really puzzles the good Selectors—I think I am correct in suggesting this—is the full-back position. They will find their stand-off half, but where, in the name of William Webb Ellis, is the full-back to come from?

K. C. Kinnersley has been jettisoned—a little prematurely, I fancy, but still jettisoned. R. O. Baillon, full of promise, is raw yet awhile. G. W. Parker, a safe man from Cambridge, has his chance, and the neat, clever J. D. Ronald of the Harlequins was also on show at Falmouth.

There are others, among them F. W. Mennim, of Richmond, a dashing player who has been consistently good in club games this year. If only C. F. Grieve, of Oxford, had elected to be an Englishman!

AND what, by the way, is wrong with Scotland? Most of their best players seem to have struck a bad patch. The best centre in Scotland, they say, is Idwal Rees, of Wales, and it seems likely that the Scottish back division will be composed mainly of Anglo-Scots.

They are going through an awkward period north of the Border—forwards not right, backs at sixes and sevens. It may be merely that this is the awkward time of year, and I think that when the International matches do come round, there will be some uncommonly strong sides in the field. I wonder, incidentally, if by then, another Navy player, J. S. Walsham, will have taken W. Elliott's place at stand-off half for England? Odd how the Navy produces outstanding half-backs. The W. J. A. Davies tradition, I suppose, but Walsham certainly is a likely candidate for a cap.

HERE let me drop in a true, pleasing and totally irrelevant story. I hear that J. Stanley, the Harlequin forward, who has been farming in New Zealand, made some impressions in All-Black circles out there. Stanley, you may remember, was a sort of human thunderbolt, an amazingly hard player, but a perfectly fair one. He took part in club football in New Zealand very successfully, but when his name came up for representative games, the New Zealander Selectors would not consider him, because, they said, he was too rough.

Rich, that seems to me—very rich indeed. Stanley is certainly tough, and to be tackled by him, as I know from experience, is like being hit by a sledge-hammer, but for an English forward to be too rough for our New Zealand brethren gives me a quiet smile.

There are rumours, doubtless quite unfounded, that the All-Blacks who are coming over next year will not be particularly formidable, but I take leave to suspend judgment. The All-Blacks touring this country will always be formidable. The game is in their blood, and a touring team has every opportunity for cultivating just those co-operative methods which are the back-bone of New Zealand tactics.

Incidentally, the tour is pretty well fixed up now, down to the smallest detail. A complicated matter it is, too, this arranging of a tour, a matter calling for tact and discretion, especially in the allocation of hospitality. But for a firm hand in the preliminary stages, a touring team would spend all its nights dining and dancing, and all its days visiting factories and works. And the All-Blacks do like to play football now and again.

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Charity for Good Cheer

Workers for Charity's Sake

Miss Joy Winn, who is interested in hospital work, and determined that golfers should maintain a cot by raising £50 a year. This charity competition, starting as a little scheme, has grown into a big one

A Seacroft picture of Miss H. V. Smith (left) and Miss Jean Horrocks (centre), of "Fairway and Hazard," who were responsible for the organisation of the Golfers' Cot Fund, and the lunch at Jules, when the cup was presented. With them is Mrs. Philip Hodson, of Wootton, who is succeeding Lady Fell as captain of Lancashire

Lady Fell, who belongs to Ulverstone Golf Club, the retiring captain of Lancashire, who is being succeeded by Mrs. Philip Hodson, and whose term of office was exceedingly successful. Lady Fell was a competitor in the "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes held this year at Birkdale

DEAR BYSTANDER,

MIDDLESEX has beaten Surrey, by three and six. This is not the calendar gone crazy, nor the printer either, but a true statement of what one county has done to the other in a good cause. I wish charity were not a word that sounded so cold. I suppose it is, strictly speaking, charitable to maintain a cot in the Princess Elizabeth Hospital for Children, otherwise the East London Hospital, at Shadwell; but when there is such real fun in the doing of it, and the business culminates in so good a party as the *Fairway and Hazard* lunch at Jules, then there is no doubt about it that charity for cheerfulness ought to be the label.

YOU may have forgotten what happens. Some years ago Miss Joy Winn was interested in this Hospital, and determined to raise £50 a year from amongst golfers to maintain a cot in it; the thing grew; Mrs. Ormsby Cook, one of Essex's most energetic officials, gave a lovely cup; *Fairway and Hazard* lent their organisation—and those who know Miss H. V. Smith need know no more than that—and now all the counties of the South-Eastern Division let the competitors in their spring and autumn meetings contribute sixpence towards the Cot, the competitor with the lowest net score relative to the par of the green gets the Cup—and the county which has raised the most crows about it quite outrageously. This year has been Middlesex's year all round. Not only did one of their members, Mrs. Dunlop, win the Cup, with a splendid 67 net—six below par—in the spring at Stanmore, but Middlesex topped the list in contribution, 3s. 6d. ahead of Surrey, with the odd shillings over eight pounds; and very special mention was made at the lunch of the splendid generosity of one of the clubs in the county—West Middlesex—who, by bridge drives and what not, had sent two large donations. Mrs. Dunlop, unfortunately, is out in New Zealand, but Mrs. Bentley was there to receive the Cup on her behalf, and made a witty little speech. Middlesex and Surrey, in fact, chipped each other merrily, and Kent joined in with their determination to beat the pair of them in 1935. So a little scheme has grown into a big one, and perhaps some day Miss Smith's dream of a whole ward of Golfers' Cots will come true. Miss Hornby was there this year to describe some of the work of the Hospital, in which she has no small share as secretary of the Ladies' Association. How she finds time to do that, as well as serve on the London County Council is one of the marvels, and one cannot wonder that an L.G.U. handicap is something she has no chance of arriving at.

She, in fact, heartily echoed the sentiments of one of the guests, who propounded the startling theory that it would do women's golf a world of good if there could be a three years' truce to all medal play. So did everybody all round the table. Good food and drink had done its part; we were all mellow by then, and quite sure that, if there were no scoring, we should all be much better golfers, and handicaps would be much fairer. Even thinking of it quite calmly afterwards, I am not sure whether there is not more in the contention than mere frivolity. Undoubtedly a great many people play far too many medal rounds in the year, and, equally undoubtedly, a great many quite false handicaps are earned thereby—false, that is to say, if one should try to pick an international team or championship medallists by handicap alone.

THAT, though, is too vast a subject for the tail-end of a page, particularly when there is news to be thought of. Lancashire, for example, are really a little staggering with an individual membership which now reaches 1227, and a bank balance of £346 13s. Their captain-elect is Mrs. Philip Hodson, who, with Miss D. I. Clark, will represent the county on the L.G.U. Executive. Lady Fell, the retiring captain, has been so universally successful that one might well think her a hard captain to follow; but Lancashire knows that Mrs. Hodson is well capable of so doing.

CAPTAINS are being nominated every day for the counties, some relying on re-election for a second year—as Kent and Essex are doing with Mrs. Marsham-Townshend and Miss Garnham—some having a fresh one, like Middlesex, who have elected Mrs. Mellor. Other counties are not content with mere business, for this time of year; Hampshire, for example, played second-team matches the other day against Middlesex II. at Worplesdon, and won by 4 and 3 twice in the day. Worplesdon was in the most perfect of order, and the whole thing a great success.

TO others, the excitement of the month is BYSTANDER spoons, as a stepping-stone to the BYSTANDER Challenge Cup, which goes to the player who can win the most of them in the year. So far, Miss M. Bateman, of Shirley Park, who has won four spoons, is leading, but there are ten players who have won three, including the holder, Miss Wooding, so that the hunt still goes strong. More of this when December is out and the Cup's destination is fixed.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

"Les Misérables"

A Great Film at the Academy

Harry Baur as Jean Valjean, Henry Krauss as Mgr. Myriel

Jean Valjean, the ex-convict (part of the triple rôle played so finely by Harry Baur), is welcomed by Mgr. Myriel, offered food and a bed. He rewards this kindness by stealing the good Bishop's silver

Harry Baur as the Peasant, Champmathieu

The half-witted Champmathieu is arrested by the police, who mistake him for the wanted ex-convict, Valjean. This part is also played by Harry Baur

Left:

Harry Baur as M. Madeleine, Florette as Fantine

The third of the parts Harry Baur plays is that of M. Madeleine, the respected Mayor who, under his mayoral robes, is Valjean, the ex-convict. Florette appears as the unhappy Fantine, who is here being rescued from prison by the Mayor. "Les Misérables" is a Pathé-Natan production, and is the most expensive picture ever made in France, having cost £150,000. The director was Raymond Bernard, who was responsible, with André Lang, for building the scenario from Victor Hugo's great story. The film started its run at the Academy on December 8th

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Is the Whole World Nuts?

By Alan Thomas

"Heaven's My Destination," by Thornton Wilder (Longmans; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a most amusing book. Several times when I was reading it I laughed out loud and had to be suppressed. And yet, to say it is amusing is only half the truth.

The story relates the adventures of George Marvin Brush, travelling salesman for the Caulkins Educational Press (New York, Boston, and Chicago), publishers of Caulkins' Arithmetics and Algebras, and other superior text-books for school and college. Brush is a fundamentalist. He believes in voluntary poverty, in turning the other cheek (provided that you don't shame the other fellow too much) and in the renunciation of such worldly pleasures as smoking and drinking. His experience, therefore, in journeying through the United States are, to say the least, uncommon. The general opinion of him is, of course, that he is nuts—in other words, crazy. To which he replies: "I'm not crazy. It's the world that's crazy. Everybody's crazy except me; that's what's the matter. The whole world's nuts."

Well, ladies and gentlemen, who will deny that there is a case for saying that the whole world's nuts? At all events, it is only a half-truth to say that this book is amusing. It has its serious side. You may, of course, take the view that Brush (like his master, Gandhi) is only a half-baked mutt. You may say with Judge Carberry, after he has acquitted Brush: "Go slow—see what I mean? . . . The human race is pretty stupid. . . . Doesn't do any good to insult 'm. Go gradual, see what I mean?" And yet, doesn't this seem a pretty easy philosophy compared with Brush's attitude: "Can't you see that you don't know anything about religion until you start to live it?"

This is an uncommon book. And the story is uncommonly well told. Even if you don't cry over it, I wager that it will make you laugh.

Thornton Wilder

The well-known American novelist and dramatist, whose new book, "Heaven's My Destination" (Longmans), is reviewed on this page

It was an October morning, and Mr. Patrick Balfour had boarded an omnibus in the Strand As the bus swung into Regent Street, he saw a sandwichman bearing the inscription: "To India by Rolls-Royce car for £34," and an address in Paddington for further details. How Mr. Balfour joined this expedition, his adventures en route, and his subsequent travels further East, are most entertainingly recounted in his book, *Grand Tour* (John Long; 18*s.*). The almost incredible lack of organisation and general haphazardness of the car trip to India are reminiscent of Peter Fleming's *Brazilian Adventure*.

Mr. Balfour's route to India entailed crossing Syria, Persia, and Afghanistan. This journey was successfully accomplished by means of two aged Rolls-Royces which were driven over appalling roads, where they became ditched or bogged or bunkered—or, worse still, fell through bridges which, in parts of Afghanistan, are made of mud and branches. Mr. Balfour chronicles his journey with a laconic wit that is extremely telling.

The Rolls-Royce Odyssey ended for him at Quetta. From there he struck off on his own to Nepal, then back to India and on to Siam, Malaya, Indo-China, and Sumatra. In his modest preface, he calls his book an account of a superficial journey whose aim "is to stimulate in the reader some fraction of that curiosity to know more of the East which his journey aroused in the writer." I can assure Mr. Balfour that he has succeeded with one reader, at any rate. It is the best travel book I have read "in years," and his powers of observation are equally at home with the camera as with the pen, and the many photographs which he took and reproduced in his book are altogether admirable.

"By more decisive action, even as late as the closing days of July 1914, by unequivocal declaration of what Britain must in honour and duty do if certain conceivable things were done by Germany, could Grey have averted the War?" This is a question which will be debated wherever the history of 1914 is discussed. And the question being hypothetical, there is no satisfactory answer to it. Much has been written and no doubt much more will be written on the subject. The latest contribution to the discussion is contained in a little book entitled, *Viscount Grey of Fallodon*, by Politicus (Methuen; 6*s.*). The writer draws a very sympathetic picture of Grey, giving us a glimpse of him as a fisherman, an author, a naturalist, and a book-lover. But the major part of this little work is devoted to a discussion of his qualities as a statesman and of the judgment passed on him by Mr. Lloyd George in his War Memoirs; and there is some sort of an answer to this judgment. I do not know that there is anything particularly new in the book. It is rather a plea for understanding. Its appearance, however, is opportune enough in these days of alarms and excursions, when, above all, we need to be reminded of the lesson which Grey himself drew from European history: "That no enduring security can be found in competing armaments and in separate alliances: that there is no security for any Power unless it is a security in which its neighbours have an equal share."

A feeling for the Past is very largely a matter of temperament. Personally, I like often enough to delve into a bygone age, if not actually to dwell in it. I like to picture to myself what our ancestors were like, what were the things that surrounded their life, what appealed to them, what they thought about. That is why I keep among the books by my bed a little volume entitled, *News From the Past* (1805-1887), edited and compiled by Yvonne ffrench (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is described as being "a Miscellany of newspaper accounts of Wars, Riots, Coronations, Murders, Conspiracies, Scandals, Fashions, Shipwrecks, Sporting Events, Reforms, Inventions, etc., interspersed with Contemporary Opinions of the Great Writers, Musicians and Actors of the Period, and enriched by a Gallery of Illustrations, Charming, Gay, and Terrible"—or, as Sir John Squire puts it more succinctly in his introduction, "An assortment of things written by the journalist for the layman, which illustrate diverse facets of nineteenth-century life and thought."

It is a past century, but we still have our links with it. I happened to look at page 378 and read the following in reference to the Great Exhibition: "In the defence of Hyde Park against the threatened mischief of the gigantic baby with which Free Trade is to bless us in 1851, we hope that a firm and uncompromising stand will be made." That is an extract from the *Morning Post* of July 1st, 1850. I was going to exclaim "Good old *Morning Post*!" but that, perhaps, would be irreverent.

You will find much of interest and amusement in *News From the Past*.

Anthony

Fashions

By Jean Burnup

IT was difficult to choose a gown from Artelle, each seemed lovelier than the last. Day clothes with that dash and air and exquisite finish which makes people look up as you pass, evening gowns of exceptional beauty and originality. Finally, having changed the mind a dozen times, we came back to the first one shown. It is made of fine silky metal-velvet, hyacinth-blue married to a silver thread. The line and elegance you can see for yourself. Madame Artelle designs all her own models, and her prices are a pleasant surprise.

For Town or Country

A TWO-PIECE Matita model. The dress (above) is soft angora in a deep, rich port wine shade, simply cut and extremely practical. The scarf is separate. On the jaunty bright green coat (right) belted at the back, golden cherubs pretend to be buttons. Posed by Norah Baring.

Photographs by Helen Macgregor

THIS is not a picture of your aunt taken in 1908, to show off her new sable stole, muff, and toque. It is late 1934 vintage, and illustrates an old-fashioned new fashion which is having a little mid-season vogue in Paris.

Talking About Beauty . . .

INTRODUCE Ebe bath powder to the sybarite who tells you that a hot bath is one of the minor pleasures of life. She will soon change her mind. She will soon say it turns it into one of the major pleasures.

Once you have had your bath-water softened, foamed, perfumed, and stimulated by this fascinating preparation, it becomes as necessary as your morning tea. Your skin, soothed, refreshed, and vitalised, is grateful all day long.

There is a picture of it below, in an attractive bowl. It comes in several colours, all of which also please the eye.

The square pot on the left—signature jar of Ebe preparations—contains their skin tonic, a powerful astringent which does something magical to enlarged pores. At the left of it is their anti-wrinkle cream. This hates wrinkles and dry skin like poison. It seeps through the outer skin to the inner surface and there begins its fight. And, if used conscientiously and regularly, wins.

IF you know the woman who has tried many, many perfumes and never found the one that she feels quite suits her personality, you will be pretty safe in bringing Casanova to her notice. Its scent is insinuating, gaily alluring, and is a subtle blending of fragrances which make it somehow very personal to the user.

The specially ozonised powder, fine as fine can be, extraordinarily adhesive, is made in nine shades, so you would have a face coloured like the Union Jack not to be suited. It is also haunted by the memory of the Casanova perfume.

AND now, since we speak of perfumes, Schiaparelli, seconding for once in her life instead of leading, has followed the other dress houses who make perfume, and launched three of her own, calling them "Soucis," "Salut," and "Schiap." She is so clever that she could glamourise the smell of a pickled onion and make women like it. I have not yet tried them, but I am told that her perfumes, besides being intoxicating and gorgeous, have about them something of the quality—impudent, as if she were doing something for a dare which triumphantly comes off—that distinguishes everything she lays her hands on.

Photographs: MacGregor

• GOOD HUNTING

Swaebe

Above : the Duchess of Beaufort on " a lovely white horse " arriving at the Beaufort Meet at Foxley Green

Mrs. George Paynter, the wife of the famous " G. R.", at the meet at Scalford Hall. She and her husband live in the Belvoir country

The Belvoir Meet at Scalford Hall

Lady Ravensdale is with Mr. J. C. Clark, the American husband of Lord and Lady Camden's elder daughter. Scalford Hall is the Clarks' place near Melton Mowbray

Left : Lady Milton, whose husband has taken over the Derwent this season, was photographed at the meet at Brompton Hall Hotel, near Scarborough

In Leicestershire—

Mrs. Hyslop Bell, who rides astride and wears an eyeglass, was out with the Belvoir when they met at Thorpe Arnold

—And in Yorkshire

Left : Mrs. Anthony Millburn and Mr. G. R. H. Smith, Master of the York and Ainsty South, at their meet at Skip Bridge

Those Golfing Busybodies

By F. G. L. Fairlie

It is a curious fact that in golf there seems to be a greater inclination for those who may be described as sham-amateur busybodies to attempt to meddle than in any other form of sport. I say "curious," because it does seem to me very odd that a game which, on the whole, is so well run, and which requires so few rules because of the spirit in which it is universally played, should attract this pestiferous form of leech. The great thing about golf—almost the greatest—is that it can be played and is played throughout the world without incident. You never see great headlines across the front page of the more sensational Press blaring forth the news that a fresh incident occurred in an international match. You would see it soon enough if there were the slightest excuse for such a piece of "news." But golfers of all classes are very proud of the fact that they play the game for the game's sake (a most unpleasant expression—almost as unpleasant as that snobbish term, "gentleman"), and I have seldom seen golfers quarrel over a match, except before it has started, and only then when engaged in honest argument as to the handicap to be allowed.

There are, it so happens, a great many rules of golf, but these are almost totally unknown to the rank and file of golfers. By this I do not wish to imply that the average golfer pays no heed to the rules and breaks them "quite regardless," but I do mean that the game is so easy to play without breaking rules that very few are broken: and these are probably rules which matter not one jot and make no difference to the final result of the game or the enjoyment of the participants. It is not merely the rules of golf, however, with which the busybodies wish to interfere, but also in the conduct and control of tournaments, and, in fact, all that is to do with the enjoyment of the golfer. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews is held throughout the world to be the supreme governing body of the game. The United States Golf Association works in close harmony with the Royal and Ancient, and is prepared to be guided by the older body. So it is with all those who, in their respective countries, control the game.

I have criticised the Royal and Ancient occasionally, but I think this is unavoidable to anyone who may take the job of journalism at all seriously, and, on the whole (and at the risk of appearing pedantic), I do say that it is extraordinarily difficult to find anything to criticise in the conduct of golfing affairs by the club.

In parenthesis I might remark that my only real criticism of the Royal and Ancient was concerned with the composition of the Selection Committee appointed by the Royal and Ancient to choose this year's Walker Cup side; but, in fairness to those individual members, it must be admitted that with very few exceptions the team which they chose was probably the only possible team to represent us. Another more able Committee would probably have come to much the same conclusions. I was amused, while still on this subject, to see an article written by my friend, Henry Longhurst, in which he quoted extracts over quite a few months from the writings of all the leading golfing journalists of the time. His article was very entertaining, in that it was quite surprising how much one vacillated from month to month. Naturally, Henry Longhurst was not concerned with his own writings, which, no doubt, vacillated just as much.

To return to my main argument. It does seem to me, therefore, that we should leave the conduct of affairs in the hands of those who have proved very conclusively that they are more than capable to continue in control. St. Andrews very wisely has decided that, where possible, the liberty of the golfer shall not be obstructed, but there are many busybodies, both as individuals and as unions, who attempt to restrict still further and put forward schemes such as limitation of clubs, alteration in the size of the balls so that the game is made more skilful, and, therefore, more difficult.

Last week I wrote at large upon this point, but it is so important that I make no apology for stressing my argument again. Golf is getting along very nicely, thank you, as it is, and we do not wish to be interfered with any more than we have been. We have had certain aids to golf, such as the scooped face niblick which Walter Hagen, I think it was, first produced, which have been barred for a very good reason—they are, without any doubt, strong mechanical aids to the playing of a shot. These we do not want, but we can leave that sort of thing very ably in the hands of the Royal and Ancient and be perfectly happy to accept their decision.

Certain people, I notice, have recently been writing letters saying that the games of golf which they have enjoyed most have been those which have been played with one club only. Well, I might quite sincerely say that some of the games of "golf" which I have enjoyed most myself have been those which I have played with one club; the fact remains that this was largely because of the atmosphere which had been produced by a nice dinner with good friends, a pleasant liqueur afterwards, and then a visit to the golf course outside the club-house window with that one club. To say that the game is better with one club only is, to my mind, a quite exceptionally foolish remark, and I would very much like to punish these offenders by arranging a lie for them in a bunker, presenting them with a mid-iron and making them promise to remain there until they had removed the ball by golfing means. There is one famous golfer, of course, whom I would except, but then he would never say that he would prefer to play with one club.

No; this question of limitation of clubs and increased size of balls is the sort of thing that I would expect to come from a Busy Body such as the English Golf Union; but from no other source.

Berks and Bucks Alliance Meeting at Stoke Poges

Top: Captain H. Swinburn-Johnson (Stoke Poges) and F. M. Strawson (Stoke Poges). Middle: W. R. G. Renshaw and Captain Ferguson (Calcot). Bottom: Captain M. Brissier, R.N. (Harewood Downs) and W. H. Dixon (Stoke Poges). Left: Dudley Mathews and A. R. Shield (Burnham Beeches). It was at this meeting that P. Allis went round in 67 and a net return of 71, thus beating F. M. Strawson (17), who took 72

The Australian Mail

By Charles Ward

Left: Lord Londonderry, the Secretary of State for Air, who is himself a pilot, discussing the direct-control Autogiro with Captain Baker, chief instructor at Heston

Below: Captain E. W. Percival, well-known pilot and designer of the "Gull," whose headquarters are at Gravesend Airport. The standard "Gull" is a fast three-seater, eminently suitable as a taxi or mail-'plane

Empire Airways

THE first of the regular services to and from Australia left Croydon and Brisbane respectively to scheduled time. The wide publicity accorded to the route by the MacRobertson Trophy Race resulted in a very heavy load of mail, two tons leaving England, and more than 52,000 letters, weighing approximately half a ton, from Australia. The ceremony at Croydon was attended by Lord Londonderry, Sir Kingsley Wood and Sir Eric Geddes. The latter took the opportunity of prophesying that New Zealand and Canada would be linked with England by air before the second decade of Imperial Airways' operations had passed. Captain L. A. Walters was in command of "Hengist," which is flying the mail as far as Delhi. For the first three months, the extension of the route from Singapore to Brisbane will be reserved for mails only. This is a wise precaution, enabling the ground staff to settle down to routine without the worries entailed when catering for passengers.

The "Star of India"

A FOUR-ENGINED Avro monoplane has been built for the Viceroy of India to take the place of the Avro Ten which His Excellency has used for the past three years. Named the "Star of India," the 'plane has accommodation for eight passengers, with a crew of four. In official trials at Martlesham Heath its maximum speed was proved at 152 miles an hour, and its range, at a cruising speed of 130, is 600 miles. In appearance it is most attractive, the exterior being finished in silver and two shades of blue—light blue for the Order of the Star of India, and dark blue for that of the Indian Empire. Lady Willingdon personally selected the materials and colour-scheme for the cabin, which has upholstery in silver-grey leather, the large armchairs having adjustable backs and leg rests which disappear into recesses when not required. Sliding windows with sun-blinds and a modern ventilating system, are installed to secure maximum comfort when flying in the tropics. Mr. Neville Vintcent, manager of the Tata air-mail services in India, is delivering the 'plane to the Viceroy, and is accompanied on the journey by his wife and son, who is 2½ years old, a nurse, Flight-Lt. J. C. E. A. Johnson, an A.D.C. to the Viceroy, an engineer, and one of the Marconi Company's radio operators.

Foreign Air Services

BOTH the Royal Dutch and Air France have moved their London terminals to Horseferry House, Westminster, a change forced on them partly by the Commissioner of Police to avoid traffic congestion in Northumberland Avenue and the Haymarket, where the companies' motor-coaches used to stop, and partly to gain time on the road journey to Croydon. K.L.M. were installed with due ceremony at the beginning of this month, Mr. Plesman, Managing Director, coming specially from Holland to officiate. The business office for Air France is still that which has been occupied by the company in the Haymarket for some years. It is now possible to return from Barcelona to London in one day when travelling on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. An Italian seaplane on the regular service from Spain to Italy leaves Barcelona at 7 a.m., arriving at Marseilles at 8.50, where passengers can board the 9.15 "Golden Clipper," which reaches Croydon at three in the afternoon. There is now a weekly connection between Portugal and Tangiers, operated for the Portuguese company by Air France. Lisbon is one of the few capital cities in Europe which is not connected to any of the others by a regular air service.

Memoirs by Famous Pilots

THERE have been a number of books recently published in which well-known pilots have written their experiences, and several of these are possible Christmas gifts, especially for the younger generation, which now takes so much interest in the air. *A Million Miles in the Air*, by Captain G. P. Olley (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), has achieved great success, so much so that the author is now known as "Million Miles Olley." Early chapters deal with the history of aeronautics, leading up to 1914, when Captain Olley joined the R.F.C. After flying throughout the war he became a civil pilot, and was for many years with Imperial Airways before establishing his own air charter organisation. His career is certainly a good example to youth, and being one of the safest as well as one of the most experienced of pilots, his reminiscences are well worth their place in the "Great Adventure" series. *Scott's Book*—a clever title for the narrative of C. W. A. Scott's flying career—is also published by Hodder and Stoughton at 7s. 6d. The author's forceful style makes excellent reading and incidentally stamps him as the typical man of action that he has proved to be. He has had lots of fun out of his adventures—as a Short-Service Commission officer in the R.A.F., an air-line pilot in Australia, as a member of an air circus, and in his best-known rôle of record-breaker. The account of the great race to Australia, of which he and Campbell Black were the winners, is brief—there was little time to gather impressions during 71 hours of almost continuous flying, and at 200 miles an hour, one sees little of interest below when occupied with navigation and steering the ship. *King of Air Fighters* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 10s. 6d.) is the biography of the late Major "Mick" Mannock, V.C., written by Flight-Lt. Ira Jones, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., himself a famous war-time pilot still serving in the R.A.F. "Mick" Mannock became the leading figure in the air on the Western Front, his victories at the date of his death being 73. The book is a worthy record of his bravery and skill.

A '*mixed*' foursome

Soda as sparkling as your hopes at the first tee! Tonic as exhilarating as triumph at the eighteenth green! Drinks are on the winners, and the word is

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Ice Hockey: The Wembley Canadians at Wembley

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

LONDON NIGHTS

Dance, Dinner and Cabaret

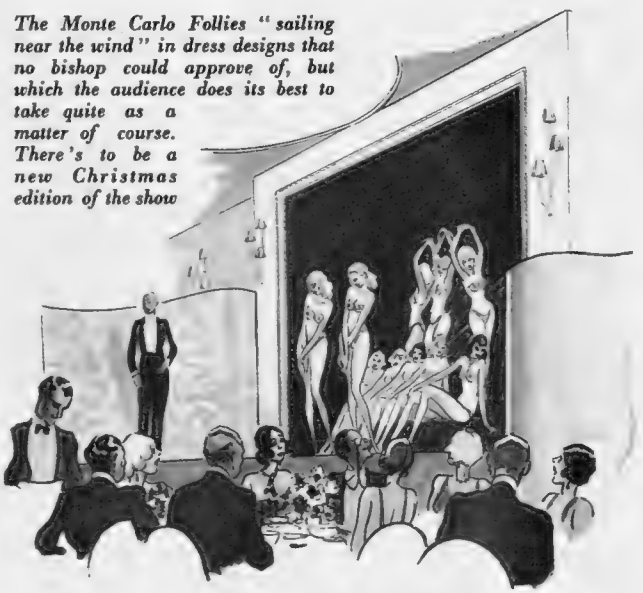
A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The San Marco

THIS restaurant wasted no time. It had an opening night (and what a night !) and straight away became one of the places to which people GO. It sounds too easy, but there are reasons. Captain Gordon Halsey organised it, and he 's already shown what he can do for London's night life by giving it the Florida. Humbert is the maître d'hôtel ; he was for years at Ciro's, and everyone knows him and he knows everyone, which is more important. Maurice Winnick's band plays ; he used to be at Ciro's too, and plays dance music as well as anyone. There 's no cabaret ; this is a bull point, though it would be dull if every restaurant had the same policy. And last, the Venetian décor is Oliver Messel's ; and how good it is ! The colouring is delicate and gay ; the lighting is amazingly untiring ; the details are amusing ; and the whole thing is genuinely original, which means it 's not an atom irritating, as mock originality is.

It is unnecessary to report who has been seen here ; pick a few hundred of the BYSTANDER'S favourite faces, and that 's the answer.

As to seasonable galas, there will be a special dinner, with etceteras on Boxing Day, and again on New Year's Eve. As there is no cabaret, prices will compare favourably with those of the San Marco's West End colleagues, and particularly so on January 31st.



The Monte Carlo Follies "sailing near the wind" in dress designs that no bishop could approve of, but which the audience does its best to take quite as a matter of course. There's to be a new Christmas edition of the show

Supper at Grosvenor House

Grosvenor House

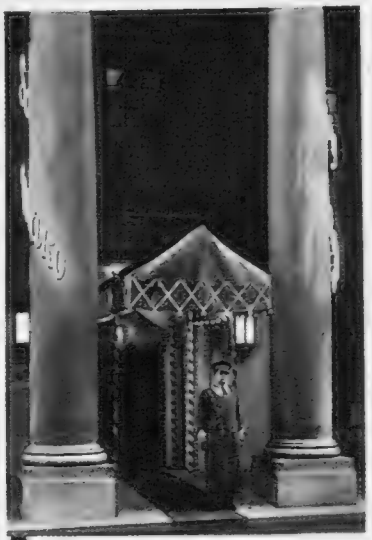
HERE you have, or soon will, a new show, a new beauty, and a new impersonator. The new show is the Christmas edition of the Monte Carlo Midnight Follies ; the beautiful blondes (and brunettes) have some songs and dances that no one has heard or seen before, and, presumably, some new dresses or bits of dresses. The new star is Mathea Merryfield, who protects herself from the eager gaze of her audience with two fans. London thinks it knows quite a lot about fan-dances, but it knows nothing till it has seen Mathea, or as much of her as the fans permit. The new impersonator is Leslie Strange, who is authoritatively stated to be the quickest-change artist in the world. From Harpo Marx to George Arliss is as easy to him as correcting a skid is to a "General" bus-driver.

Christmas Day and Boxing Day both have special shows arranged for them. For New Year's Eve, table-booking has already been so heavy that the whole celebration is being moved down to the New Ballroom, where both cabaret and celebrators have more scope for their fun. There 's a rumour that Bertram Mills may have something to do with this year's surprise item. Since the New Ballroom

Swaebe

The Carlton

The Hon. Mrs. David Tennant, the Hon. Mrs. Craig, Mr. Basil Murray, Mrs. J. Roach, and Dr. Courtney Gayer were at the joint Punch's Club and Nash's Club party, which was one of the Carlton's most successful evenings



THE SAN MARCO RESTAURANT

Let's dine in Venice . . .

NOT such an absurd suggestion as it sounds. At San Marco's, Devonshire House, you *are* in Venice. One mirrored wall reflects the Grand Canal ; in the alcoves golden sunlight appears to stream through white Venetian shutters. Oliver Messel, creator of original décor, here brings you Venice, complete and convincing.

Bougoult, chef of rare genius, provides you with exquisite food ; Humbert, maître d'hôtel of international fame, ministers to your every need, the irresistible strains of Maurice Winnick's band lure you on to dance beneath lights devised to enhance feminine loveliness — small wonder that current chatter at all smart parties culminates in the same phrase . . . Let's dine at

SAN MARCO'S
DEVONSHIRE HOUSE
MAYFAIR 4811

The Dorchester
PARK LANE, W.1 Mayfair 8888

Christmas Day
CHRISTMAS DINNER
DANCE & CABARET
£1 . 15 . 0

Boxing Day
GALA DINNER
DANCING & CABARET
£1 . 5 . 0

New Year's Eve
GALA DINNER & DANCING
"MIDNIGHT FOLLIES"
GIFTS FOR LADY GUESTS
INCLUSIVE £3 . 3 . 0

DANCING TO
JACK JACKSON & HIS BAND

The May Fair Hotel
BERKELEY SQ., W.1 Mayfair 7777

Christmas Day
CHRISTMAS DINNER, DANCE & CABARET
£1 . 5 . 0

Boxing Day
GALA DINNER, DANCING & CABARET
£1 . 1 . 0

New Year's Eve
GALA DINNER, DANCING & CABARET
GIFTS FOR LADY GUESTS
INCLUSIVE £2 . 12 . 6

DANCING TO
HARRY ROY & HIS BAND

Managing Director - Francis Towle

is big enough, could it be an elephant? But, no; that's too much to hope for.

Café de Paris

DOUGLAS BYNG, who hasn't sung any cabaret songs for a few months, is returning to midnight circulation here from Boxing Night and onwards. He's just had one of his wisely-chosen rests from cabaret work, so he's certain to have worked up some nice new songs in the best Byng style. And everyone always wants to hear all his old ones as encores.

The exception to all rules about custom staling his infinite variety is Billy Bennett; he changes the names of his songs, but the words remain substantially the same from year's end to year's end. Dear Mr. Bennett! How his sophisticated restaurant audiences love him! The artless charm of his almost-a-gentlemanliness is quite unfailing. In fact, he is an institution. He is performing this week at the Café de Paris.

A Byng Boy at the Café de Paris

A sketch of Douglas Byng as Sweet Nell of Old Drury in "Hi-Diddle Diddle!" He goes to the Café de Paris on Boxing Night

On Christmas night, there's a gala dinner and special cabaret; on Boxing Night, gala and Douglas Byng; and on New Year's Eve another gala, plus Douglas Byng, *and* the pipers of the Scots Guards to pipe in 1935 in Hogmanay style. Perhaps they'll play a reel or two as well, to set going the circulation of the poor Scottish exiles in London.

The Carlton

THE CARLTON has gone back to its Tuesday dancings, after breaking out a bit in honour of the royal wedding. However, it is breaking out again next week, and is having, for the first time, three galas—Christmas, Boxing, and New Year. There are to be real Christmas decorations, in the shape of silvered Christmas trees, holly, and mistletoe; no upstart and unseasonable floral bits and pieces. Not till

The Café de la Paix

Supper time in Swallow Street, where there are now two new bands, one in the restaurant and one in the grill

Theodor Guitter at the Villa Rodet

Theodor Guitter, whose small but excellent band plays at the Villa Rodet, was Pavlova's first violinist for many years, and is a talented musician

the New Year, when flowers creep back again into favour. Van Straten's band will be playing, but cabaret news is rather delayed, or maybe it is something to do with early Press dates. Anyway, the stars for Christmas and the New Year are to be different, and there 'll be presents to cheer up those who are sorry to see 1934 depart.

The Ritz

EVEN the Ritz is infected with the microbe of the season, and, most adult-minded of all restaurants as it is, is going gala on Christmas Day and New Year's Eve. More silvered trees appear here; this new silvering process is effective, and much the best near-snow anyone has invented yet.

If the cocktail-drinkers and lunch-eaters thin out a bit as country houses fill up, the roundabout of evening doings takes up what the midday swings have put down. Joe Kaye's band plays as usual for dancing, and on New Year's Eve John Tilley will come in and be vague and inconsequential, with a contrasted turn in the shape of Stanelli and his Hornchestra.

A view of the entrance and small lounge at the Bon Viveur, where members meet their friends

The Bon Viveur

XMAS & NEW YEAR FESTIVITIES

The Carlton

PALL MALL, S.W.1.

Telephone: Whitehall 7300.

XMAS DAY

Gala Dinner, Dance and Entertainment - £1-5-0

BOXING DAY

Gala Dinner, Dance and Entertainment - £1-1-0

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Gala Dinner, Dance, Cabaret and Souvenirs - £2-2-0

Single Room with bath from 25/-
Double Room with bath from 35/-

The Ritz

PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: Regent 8181.

XMAS DAY

Gala Dinner, Dance and Souvenirs - - - £1-5-0

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Gala Dinner, Dance, Cabaret and Souvenirs - £2-10-0

Single Room with bath from 27/6
Double Room with bath from 40/-

le bon viveur

shepherd market, mayfair

la cuisine par excellence

direction
v. davico

After the famous French Restaurant of Imperial St. Petersburg

Villa Rodet

Jermyn Street, St. James's.

THEODOR GUITTER'S Gipsy Orchestra.

Extension every Tuesday.

NEW YEAR'S EVE. *(Extension till 2 a.m.)*

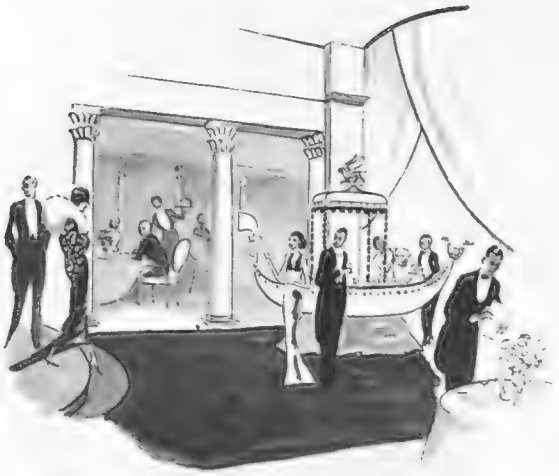
Continental Gala Festivities.
Dinner or Supper, Dancing, Presents, Cabaret 30/-

Regent 2371. *Tables should be booked in advance.*

Starting Boxing Night
Douglas Byng
every night about midnight.
Jack Harris
and his famous Band.

Café de Paris

COVENTRY ST. W.1



The San Marco

The gondola cocktail-bar, behind which the shaker stands, at London's new Venetian restaurant at Devonshire House

The Dorchester

THE Midnight Follies are still in full swing here, with few alterations in their programme, but with the addition of Barbara Newberry. She was over here last year as one of the stars, and made a packet of friends for herself then; her dancing and personality are a great addition to this year's show.

Then there are all the usual galas; a special dinner and cabaret on Christmas Day, and full-figged galas on Boxing Day and New Year's Eve, with "Les Girls" very much to the fore. A few extra plans for enlivening these evenings are being made, but are still hatching out in the incubator.

The May Fair

KEN HARVEY, the star banjoist of the Midnight Follies' show, appears here from December 22nd, as well as at the Dorchester. He takes on the cabaret job from the Houston Sisters, who have had a May Fair engagement for a week or two.

A special show will be put on for New Year's Eve (more as-yet-unrevealed plans), and there will be presents for the girl-friend and doubtless much singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Bon Viveur

IT 's just over two years now since the Bon Viveur opened its discreet blue doors on West Chapel Street. People said: "*Another* of these clubs?"—and are still members of it. "It 's got a niche; I said, it 's got a niche." The food is so very good; Clement, the Italian chef, knows all his stuff. He was at the Café Royal in its most gourmet days, and has been at Ciro's and Quaglino's, both places with well-thought-of kitchens.

It 's worth mentioning prices in this connection; some people have an idea that here they are in the Boulestin class, which is inaccurate. It is just as possible to have a reasonably inexpensive lunch or dinner at the Bon Viveur as it is to order things that are out of season, and get no change from a fiver.

In the New Year, Davico is planning to have his orchestra play at lunch as well as for dancing in the evening. This violin-guitar-accordion-bass combination plays very quietly, and produces a pleasant accompaniment to food and conversation. There will be gala evenings on Boxing Day and New Year's Eve, but on Christmas Day the club will be shut.

(*Continued on page* ii)

Barbara Newberry

One of the stars of Les Girls—1933, and now back again at the Dorchester with the 1934 edition

GAIETY ★ GLAMOUR and ★ GOOD CHEER

at Grosvenor House

Christmas Night and Boxing Night

Festive Dinner — and Dancing to the Grosvenor House Bands.

Felix Ferry presents

THE MONTE CARLO FOLLIES

in a Christmas edition of unrivalled beauty, mirth and melody. London's most successful Cabaret in a setting of sheer splendour.

Gifts for Ladies — Extension of License

Dinner, Dancing, Cabaret **25/-**

★

New Year's Eve

CELEBRATION DINNER and DANCING

★

THE MONTE CARLO FOLLIES

Extension of License — Gifts for Ladies

AT MIDNIGHT!

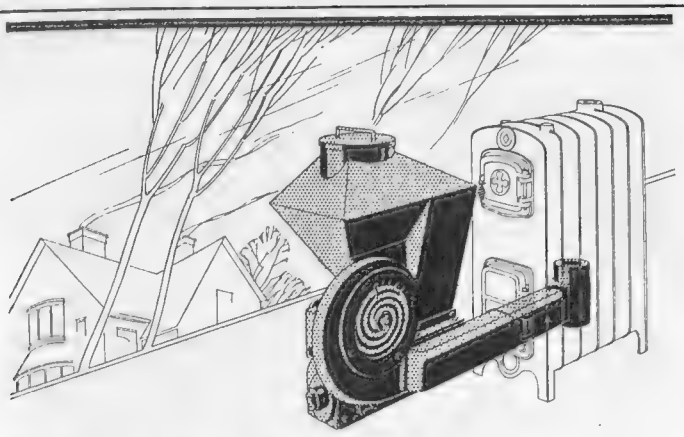
The most spectacular, stirring and sensational welcome to the New Year ever staged in any hotel.

Dinner, Dancing, Cabaret **50/-**

TELEPHONE *EARLY* FOR TABLES!

GROSVENOR HOUSE

PARK LANE — GROSVENOR 6363



WINTER HAS NO TERRORS

when house and water are heated this way

NO need to dread the coming of winter if your home is warmed and your water supply heated by a "Baby Robot" Stoker—the latest type of automatic stoker for hot water and central heating. Electrically driven by a silent motor, in one hour it consumes only 12 lbs. of coal (the cheapest industrial grade) at a cost of less than 1d.

Other outstanding features are :—

Automatic temperature control—requires filling only twice in 24 hours—elimination of soot, smoke and dust. Prices (delivered) from £49 10s.

"Baby Robot"

STOKER

Full details from :

RILEY STOKER CO LIMITED

A SUBSIDIARY OF INTERNATIONAL COMBUSTION LTD.

PALACE CHAMBERS, BRIDGE STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

TEL. WHITEHALL 3085 GRAMS. RISTOKERS, PARL.

Strand

Café de la Paix *Regent 2939.*

and Windsor Grill *Regent 1380.*

99-101, Regent Street (Entrance in Swallow Street).

To welcome and look after you for Lunch, Dinner or Supper:	***Bruni*** *(late Café de Paris) and* ***Trapani*** *(late Romano's and Hotel de Paris, Bray).* ***Joseph*** *(late Romano's) &* ***Louis*** *(late Ciro's).*
To cook for you:	***CALETTA,*** *from the Hotel Excelsior, Rome.*
To Amuse you:	***The very Best Artistes.***
To play for you:	***CLIVE ERARD*** *and his Band.* ***A. FRANZEL'S*** *Viennese Orchestra.*

Special arrangements for Boxing Day and New Year's Eve.

INTIMATE AND BOHEMIAN

LUNCH AND DINNER AND SUPPER AT THE

THEATRE RESTAURANT

OPPOSITE THE TIVOLI ● ADJOINING THE VAUDEVILLE

Londons newest rendezvous before and after the Cinema and Theatre

See the new Show, "Lovers' Leap," at the Vaudeville, then supper here afterwards. Aux choix or table d'hote, fully licensed.

Meet RICCI, THE MAITRE d'HOTEL (Late Savoy)

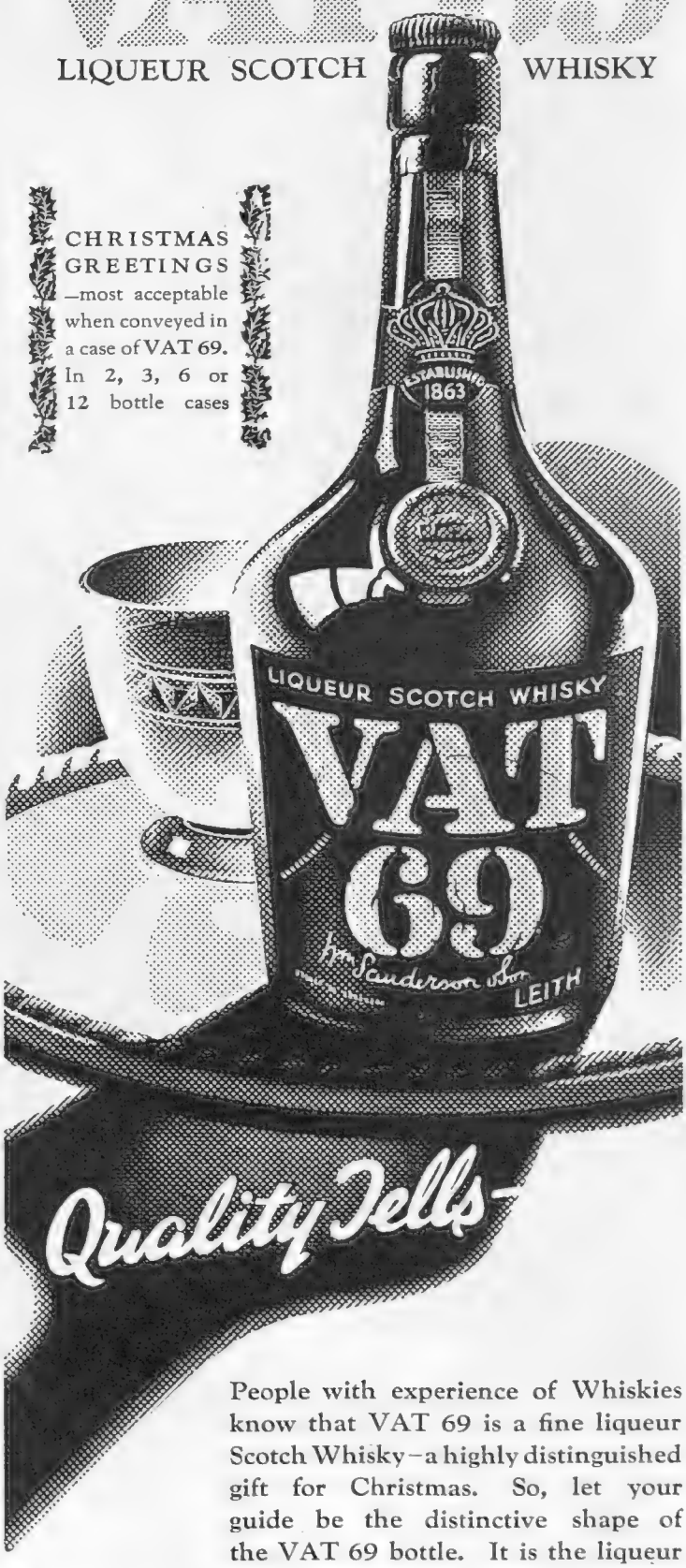
● TEMPLE BAR 2205 ● 405 STRAND, W.C.2

Opposite Tivoli

VAT 69

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS —most acceptable when conveyed in a case of VAT 69. In 2, 3, 6 or 12 bottle cases



Quality Tells

People with experience of Whiskies know that VAT 69 is a fine liqueur Scotch Whisky—a highly distinguished gift for Christmas. So, let your guide be the distinctive shape of the VAT 69 bottle. It is the liqueur shape, telling at a glance of the perfect quality of Whisky it contains.

. . . but there is something that neither the bottle nor the Whisky tells you . . . something that Wine and Spirit Dealers, Restaurants, and Bars everywhere are glad to tell you . . . VAT 69 costs only the same price as ordinary whisky.

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863

BY

Sanderson's

Clever Hostesses are *learning*

AN exquisite coffee is the crowning point of a well-chosen dinner, and the successful hostess must choose her coffee with the same care and thought as she chooses the wines and liqueurs in her cellar.

Over 300 years ago coffee was first brought to Vienna from the East, and Blue Danube Viennese coffee is blended and roasted according to the old tradition that has been preserved there from that day to this. Clever hostesses are learning that it adds distinction to their table to serve the favourite coffee of Imperial Vienna.

"Blue Danube" Viennese Coffee can be obtained from all the leading Grocers, including THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES, FORTNUM AND MASON, HARRODS, ROBERT JACKSON, SELFRIDGES, WHITELEYS, etc.

BLUE DANUBE "Viennese Coffee"

CHAS. BRADBURY LTD.

ADVANCE
£25 to £5,000
Entirely Personal
No security

26 Sackville St., Piccadilly, W.1
'Phone: REG. 3123, 3995, 3440

TANGIER

"THE NEAREST EAST."
NEVER TOO HOT—NEVER TOO COLD.
SPEND XMAS IN SUNNY TANGIER
ALL INFORMATION:—
OFFICIAL TOURIST OFFICE, TANGIER

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES! Increased my own height to 6' 3¼" ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2, 2s. complete. Details free. Write NOW. S. X. MALCOLM ROSS. Height Specialist. Scarborough, England. *(P.O. Box 15.)*

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT.
Price 1'6
Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3.
Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc.

Benger's Booklet will help sufferers from the unrest of weak digestion. Post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

Somebody's overtired in your House.

with ragged nerves, almost "too tired to eat" and digestion too weak for ordinary food. This is a case for Benger's Food,—restful, soothing, nourishing!

33Sd

London Nights *(Continued from page 586)*

The Theatre Restaurant

The attractive little restaurant in the Strand, with its long, narrow room on two levels, its glass roof through which comes real daylight, and its cocktail bar on the left

The Theatre Restaurant

THE Theatre Restaurant unquestionably fills a gap in the Strand's gastronomic economy. "Up West" (geographically speaking, up east) there are half a hundred small restaurants, snack-bars, clubs, where tired business men and hungry shopping women can meet their friends for lunch in easy surroundings and such leisure as their occupations allow them. West of the City, what have you? The Savoy, Boulestin's, Simpson's. And then? The Theatre Restaurant, the only place of its kind for streets round.

For a quick, informal dinner before a Strand theatre or "flick," for supper afterwards, the same tale runs true—there 's no other place quite like this in the neighbourhood to go to.

The manager, Ricci, came here from the Savoy, the chef knows what cooking is, and acts on his knowledge, and the prices are moderate enough to be a surprise.

Other incidentals to be noted are that the Italian plats du jour, of the ravioli-spaghetti kind, are always excellent; that some good old English phrase, like "Irish stew" or "steak and kidney pie," generally appears on the menu; and for those who are interested in such things, there is to be had some Napoleon brandy which is—well, it *is* Napoleon brandy.

Villa Rodet

THE Villa Rodet which has only been open under that name since this autumn, has already made its reputation for food, not only for Russian dishes, in which, as its name implies, the restaurant specialises, but for its English and French cooking as well. And, as most of its patrons have discovered, it has an excellent wine list.

Theodor Guitter and the four musicians in his orchestra play exceptionally well. Guitter himself is a Russian from Petrograd, and was for many years Pavlova's first violinist. He runs the gypsy orchestra which played at Londonderry House at the last Eve of Parliament reception, and also for the King and Queen of Norway last Friday at a private party. He and his Villa Rodet band play straight music during dinner and dance music later. They have the secret of the authentic waltz rhythm.

On New Year's Eve, Legatt, the famous master from the Imperial Russian Ballet, is producing a special cabaret which will be put on directly after the New Year has been heralded in by trumpeters—an original touch. The idea is to make the whole atmosphere of the evening more Continental than English

Café de la Paix

THERE are new bands here, both in the restaurant and the grill. Upstairs is Clive Erard and His Music, downstairs Augustus Franzel's orchestra plays, and the latter come up to the restaurant during dinner. Both bands play exceptionally quietly, and were engaged, in fact, with that quality in view.

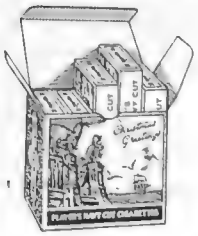
There are the usual gala arrangements for Christmas and the New Year. A special price is being made both for dinner and supper on those nights, and one can eat and dance either early or late in the evening for under a pound.

The art exhibitions in the foyer have aroused a good deal of interest. The young artists whose pictures have been hung here should have benefited materially, for a number of people actively interested in art have been in to have a look

GIVE THE GREATEST PLEASURE . . . GIVE

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut Cigarettes & Tobaccos



The ordinary 20 packing is sometimes preferred to a tin. Well! here are 5 packets of 20 in a colourful Christmas Carton.

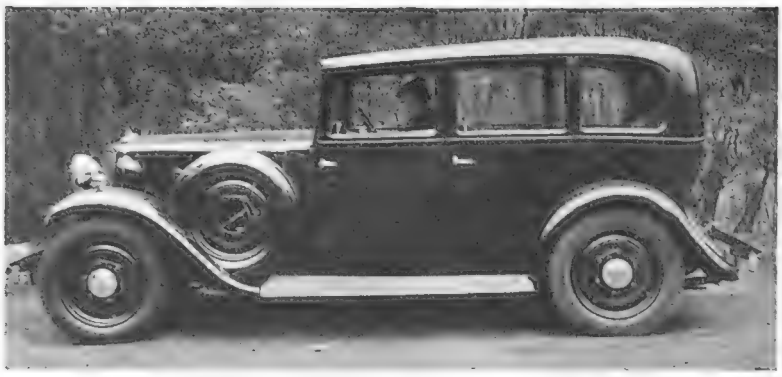
The joy of giving is increased when the best is within reach of one's purse . . . And no lengthy pondering is needed. A happy and easy decision is "Player's" —they give the greatest pleasure.

DECORATED TINS OF CIGARETTES IN CHRISTMAS POSTAL PACKETS

50 TIN 2'6 | 150 TIN 7'3 | MEDIUM NAVY CUT TOBACCO

100 " 4'10 | 100 FIVE 20s 4'9½ | 4 OZ. TIN 4'4

N.C.C.255.A.



The new 17-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley is a car of comfortable size. It is small enough to be handy and economical, and yet large enough to provide really luxurious accommodation. The 1935 tax is £12 15s.

Cars with a Personality

The New 17-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley

By The Earl of Cardigan

The coachwork provides genuine comfort. There is ample space, and many luxurious features, such as arm-rests, foot-rests, folding tables, ventilation by sliding quarter lights, etc.

A very neat form of luggage platform is provided. This is seen half-opened. When it is closed, it disappears completely into the rear panel of the coachwork

To predict that the new 17-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley will prove a thoroughly successful model is perhaps as safe a motoring prophecy as can be made. So far as I can see, it possesses a full measure of those qualities for which Armstrong-Siddeleys have been known in the past; and to these one important additional virtue has been added.

The new overhead-valve engine is responsible for the difference in performance. This "Seventeen" is decidedly lively in its acceleration, and in its ability to make a quick get-away after a check. It runs very smoothly and with remarkable silence; but there is a new, almost "sporting" quality in the way it goes at a hill, or threads its way through traffic, which the owner-driver will surely appreciate.

This liveliness is well maintained throughout the range of speed. The car will cruise at an easy and comfortable 60 m.p.h., and can be accelerated up to a maximum of 75 m.p.h. In third gear a good 50 m.p.h. can be reached, so that any normal hill can be taken at 40 m.p.h. or more. Second gear gives power enough to start the car on any level surface, and to tackle really stiff gradients with delightful ease.

It seems hardly necessary to state that the gear-box is of pre-selective type, as originally pioneered by Messrs Armstrong-Siddeley. It operates silently on all ratios, and permits of an instantaneous change, either "up" or "down," under utterly fool-proof conditions.

With high speeds so easily attained, it is good to find that the car holds the road notably well. The springing is good, and the steering definite. The brakes are, I think, exceptional in their combination of power and smoothness.

The coachwork is extremely comfortable, and gives ample space. The single front seat is a good feature; for it can, if required, hold three people—there being no intrusive levers. With its central arm-rest lowered, it affords a luxurious driving position. The standard windscreen does not open; but this is not necessarily a defect, since one of the opening variety can be fitted without extra charge.

There are many other good points, notably the permanent jacking system. Considering the car's high quality, the price—£465—is distinctly moderate. Altogether, from the point of view of the average motorist, who looks for a happy mixture of solid comfort with lively performance, this is certainly the most attractive Armstrong-Siddeley I have so far driven.

The Editor's Box

For the Benefit of St. George's Hospital

Specially mounted colour-prints of Mr. P. A. de László's magnificent portraits of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Kent, which were reproduced in full colours in the Royal Wedding Number of the *Illustrated London News*, are now available at the nominal price of five shillings each, beautifully mounted, and they are being sold for the benefit of St. George's Hospital, in accordance with the wish expressed by H.R.H. the Duke of Kent. No charge has been made by the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* for the printing and the mounting, so that the whole of the proceeds goes to the Hospital. Those of our readers who would like to acquire copies of these famous pictures, which bear facsimile signatures of their Royal Highnesses, are advised to apply as early as possible to the publisher, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a remittance value five shillings for each mounted portrait, plus one shilling for postage and packing, irrespective of whether one subject is ordered or the pair. The actual colour reproductions measure 8½ inches by 11½ inches; and the mounts are 15½ inches by 20½ inches.

The Joke in Advertising

H. M. Bateman has evolved an amusing illustrated brochure called *The M.F.H. Who Ran Riot*, which depicts the Master's disgust at the eccentric appearance of his field, and the method by which he smartened them up. These drawings, which are executed in Bateman's own inimitable style have been published by Messrs. Moss Bros., of Covent Garden, W.C.2, and those who would possess a copy should make application to them.

The Three Manley Brothers

Musical clowns, whose act is one of versatility and variety, consisting of clever dancing, the playing of many instruments, and a humorous musical boxing act

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346 Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON DECEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Tuesday, December 18, 1934.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife, in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EDEN END.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine; Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FOR EVER.—Margaretta Scott acts beautifully as Beatrice and Eric Portman very finely as Dante; the stuff of the play is not everyone's idea of their love-story: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—A fine production and brilliant acting, especially by John Gielgud as Hamlet; George Howe is Polonius; Laura Cowie the Queen; Frank Vosper the King; Jessica Tandy is Ophelia: New, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15. No performance, December 24th.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming Chinese play, with a large cast including Louise Hampton, Esmé Percy, Maisie Darrell, Fabia Drake, Morris Harvey, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVER'S LEAP.—A gay and pleasant entertainment, with Owen Nares as a husband, Nora Swinburne as his wife, and Ursula Jeans and Walter Hudd as a half-hearted courting couple: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY READ.—Flora Robson as the eighteenth-century woman buccaneer, and Robert Donat as her adoring, rattled husband, in a swinging play in the romantic style: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. No performances, December 24th and 25th. Twice daily, December 26th—29th.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—An Irish play with much talk, dramatic action that makes it a play and no sermon, excellent humour, and a good cast: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOON IS RED.—A spy play with an exciting if finally unconvincing plot, laid in revolutionary Vienna; Joyce Bland, George Curzon, Eille Norwood and Austin Trevor head the cast: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ST. JOAN.—Mary Newcomb gives an interesting and often beautiful performance as the Maid; the rest of the cast and the production contribute to a notable revival: Sadler's Wells, 8 (except Monday). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrienne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette plot made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Laurence Olivier dashing as a screen lover; the theme is grease-paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Aileen Marson has taken Celia Johnson's part as heroine: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOUNG MR. DISRAELI.—Derrick de Marney as young Disraeli and Sophie Stewart as Mrs. Wyndham Lewis in Elswyth Thane's pleasant romance: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere—see Telephone Directory

With Music

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!—Greta Nissen, Douglas Byng, and Reginald Gardner in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LUCKY BREAK.—It's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 53.—Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain, and Edna Thompson, Morgan Davies, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

SPORTING LOVE.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura la Plante as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HALF A CROWN.—The hero is Sydney Howard, sometimes grocer and sometimes Ruritanian King, and he gives some grand laughs: Eliot Makeham, Malcolm Keen and Eileen Peel are in the cast: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—Bernard Lee as the hero of this most successful of crook plays, which has run for over two years: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Christmas Fare

ALADDIN.—Valda Jesmond as Aladdin, Ivan Menzies, Linga Singh: Prince Edward Theatre, 2 and 7.45, from Boxing Day.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Duke of York's, matinées, 2.30, from December 19th.

BUCKIE'S BEARS: Scala, matinées, 2.30, from Boxing Day.

CHARLIE'S AUNT.—Dudley Ralph and Amy Brandon-Thomas: Daly's, matinées, 2.30.

CINDERELLA.—Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Prince Charming, June as Cinderella, Billy Danvers, Clarice Hardwicke, Revnell and West, the Three Sailors: Drury Lane, from Christmas Eve.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.—Elsie Prince as Dick, George Jackley, Naughton and Gold: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30, from Boxing Day.

IT HAPPENED TO GEORGE.—Robert Atkins, Billy Thatcher, Esme Beringer, in this schooiboy adventure play: Savoy, matinées, from Boxing Day.

PETER PAN.—Jean Forbes-Robertson as Peter, George Curzon as Mr. Darling and Hook, Marie Löhr as Mrs. Darling, Pamela Stanley as Wendy: Palladium, from Christmas Eve.

ROBIN HOOD.—With Gwladys Stanley, Marjorie Binner, Douglas Wakefield: Victoria Palace, 2 and 7.30, from Boxing Day.

SINBAD THE SAILOR.—By the Children's Theatre Company: Embassy, matinées, 2.30, from Christmas Eve.

TOAD OF TOAD HALL.—Richard Goolden as Mole, Frederick Burtwell as Toad, John Kidd, George Wray: Royalty, matinées, 2.15, from Christmas Eve.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Edmund Willard as Long John Silver: Piccadilly, matinées, from Boxing Day.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, matinées, 2.15.

First Nights

THE BING BOYS.—George Robey and Violet Lorraine in their original parts; Rebla, Valerie Hay, Pip Powell, Frank Leslie: Alhambra, to-night.

JILL DARLING.—A musical play, with Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe, Louise Brown, Viola Tree, Sebastian Smith: Saville, December 19th.

A WALTZ DREAM.—Oscar Strauss's operetta revived, with Lea Seidl, W. H. Berry, Carl Esmond, Bertram Wallis: Winter Garden, December 20th.

BLACKBIRDS OF 1935.—A new version of the coloured revue, with Valaida still starring, and Kahloah, a newcomer: Coliseum, December 20th.

INSIDE THE ROOM.—A new thriller, with Leonora Corbett, Ellis Jeffreys, Helen Haye, Frank Cellier, Robert Douglas: Queen's, December 21st.

THE BELLE OF NEW YORK.—Another seasonable revival: Garrick, December 24th.

THE RED ROVER'S REVENGE.—Peter Godfrey's production of this nautical romance: Royalty, December 21st.

CINEMAS

THE CAMELS ARE COMING.—Jack Hulbert's comical adventures in Egypt, with Anna Lee as the lovely girl-friend: Marble Arch Pavilion.

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON.—Warner Oland in a new series of ups and downs, with Drue Leyton, Raymond Milland, and Mona Barrie: Capitol.

COLLEGE RHYTHM.—A Hollywood musical comedy, starring Joe Penner, Lanny Ross, Jack Oakie and Helen Mack: Plaza.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.—Robert Donat and Elissa Landi in the screen version of Dumas's famous novel: London Pavilion.

THE IRON DUKE.—George Arliss bends the Duke of Wellington's character to his own inimitable style: Tivoli.

LORNA DOONE.—Basil Dean directed this film of Blackmore's story; John Loder and Victoria Hopper play the hero and heroine: Adelphi.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH.—A thriller that's full of excitement, with Nova Pilbeam as a kidnapped child, Leslie Banks and Edna Best as the parents, Peter Lorre as the villain: New Gallery.

LES MISÉRABLES.—A fine screen production of Victor Hugo's classic; Harry Baur as Jean Valjean, Florelle as Fantine, Marthe Mellot as Mlle. Baptistine: Academy.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE.—Another and excellent singing love-tale, with Grace Moore as the chief singer, plus Lyle Talbot, and Tullio Carminati: Carlton.

REFUGEES.—A fine Ufa film, of German refugees escaping from Soviet Russia; the stars are Käthe von Nagy and Hans Albers: Curzon.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Leslie Howard as Sir Percy Blakeney, Merle Oberon as Lady Blakeney, Raymond Massey as Chauvelin; a fine holiday film: Leicester Square Theatre, from December 21st.

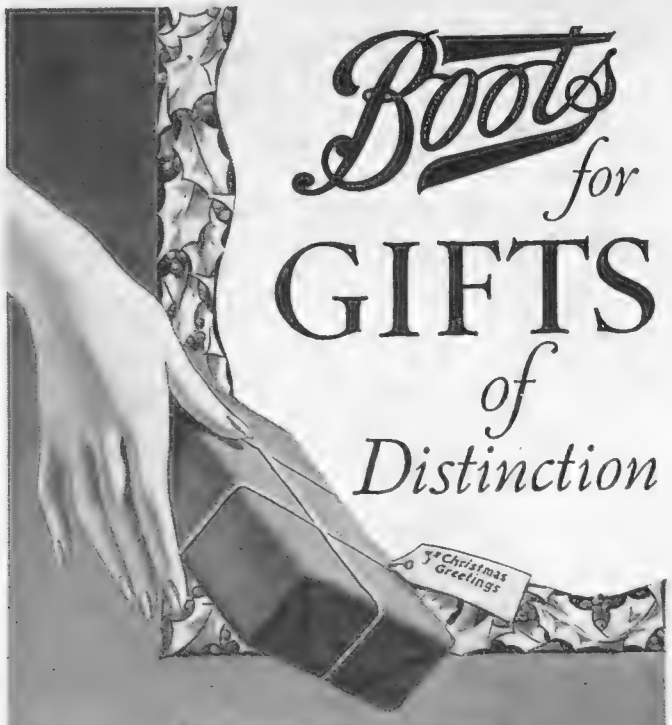
TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND.—Musical comedy on a luxury liner, with Nancy Carroll, Gene Raymond, Jack Benny, among the stars: Leicester Square Theatre.

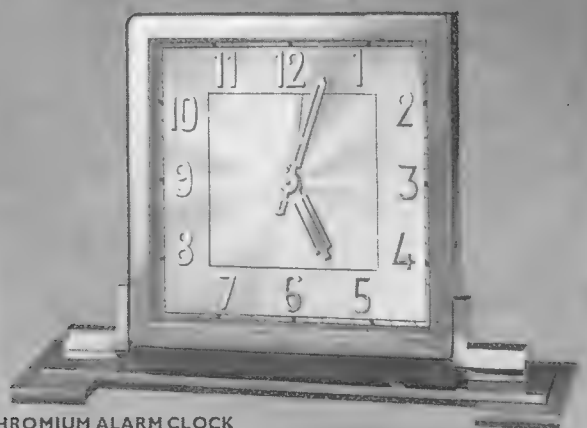
WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.—A Barrie play filmed, with Helen Hayes playing lead, Brian Aherne and Madge Evans. Also FALLING IN LOVE, with Charles Farrell: Empire.

(*Continued on page* B)

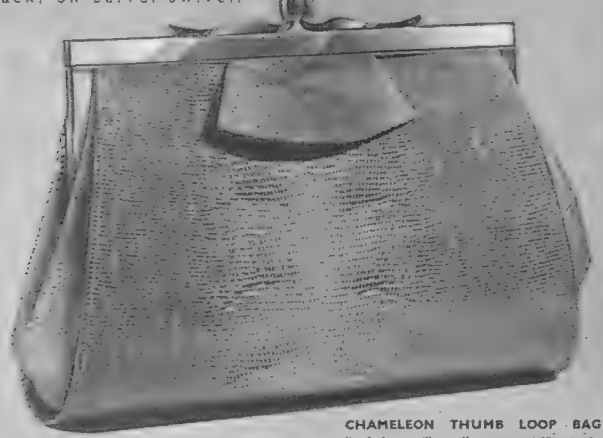
AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Boots for GIFTS of Distinction





CHROMIUM ALARM CLOCK
with raised figures, polished back, on barrel swivel. 10/6d.



CHAMELEON THUMB LOOP BAG
lined best silk, self gussets, double sided mirror. 15/6d.

Typical examples of the distinctive Christmas Gifts obtainable from BOOTS Gift Departments or by post from:—
182, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER
PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH

B181-27 BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.

What's On

(Continued from page A)

OPERA AND BALLET

AT THE OLD VIC—

HANSEL AND GRETEL, preceded by ballet: December 19th, 8.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI: December 20th, 8.

EUGENE ONEGIN: December 21st, 8.

HANSEL AND GRETEL and ballet: December 22nd, 2.30.

DIE FLEDERMAUS: December 22nd, 8.

MUSIC

Recitals

PIATIGORSKY.—Second recital of the season: Wigmore Hall, December 19th, 8.15.

RYINKA.—Song and drama recital; first appearance in London: Wigmore Hall, December 20th, 8.15.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS: Royal Institute Galleries.

INTERNATIONAL ARCHITECTURE.—At the new R.I.B.A. headquarters, Portland Place.

EAST LONDON GROUP: Lefevre Galleries.

CIRCUSES

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS: Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30, from December 20th.

CIRCUS AND FAIR: Agricultural Hall, from December 24th.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Special cabarets; Java's Tzigane Orchestra, and Louis Simmonds's band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Billy Bennett entertains; Jack Harris and his band play: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant, Augustus Franzel's orchestra in the grill.

CARLTON.—Dancing on Tuesdays; special band and cabaret, and extension.

DORCHESTER.—"Les Girls" in the new autumn edition of Midnight Follies, plus some first-class turns, appear at midnight: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Another glittering company of girls—Félix Ferry's Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—are here: extension night, Thursday.

SAN MARCO.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House; Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing; no cabaret; extension, Wednesday.

THEATRE RESTAURANT.—Small, but excellent; a good chef and a good cellar; Ricci, late of the Savoy and Claridge's, is in charge (opposite Tivoli).

VILLA RODET.—The place for Russian food; music by Theodor Guitter's band; special extension, Tuesday.

Ballrooms

TEN-BOB DANCE.—In aid of the London Child Guidance Clinic: Covent Garden, December 19th.

SILVER ROSE BALL.—In aid of National Society of Day Nurseries: Claridge's, December 19th.

THE BYSTANDER
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
(Revised from January 1, 1935).

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months including Xmas Number.	Six Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, No Extras.	Three Months, No Extras.
Inland ..	£ s. d. 3 0 10	£ s. d. 1 11 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Canada ..	£ s. d. 3 0 8	£ s. d. 1 10 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Elsewhere Abroad ..	£ s. d. 3 5 0	£ s. d. 1 13 8	£ s. d. 1 11 4	s. d. 15 9

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF
The Bystander,
346, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send me THE BYSTANDER,
weekly for ——— *months*
commencing with the issue of
———
for which I enclose ———
Name ———
Address ———
Date ——— *1934.*

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.

CASH ADVANCES BY POST
£30 to £5,000.
To Ladies or Gentlemen on note of hand alone
WITHOUT ANY SECURITY.
RICHMOND INVESTMENTS LTD.,
4, The Green, RICHMOND, SURREY.

A TINY INSTRUMENT
BUT A GREAT AID FOR THE DEAF!

OUR 30-DAY TRIAL will convince you that the VIBRAPHONE is the best-by-test of all appliances for the relief of Deafness. Quite safe, non-electrical, practically invisible. No batteries or wires, or any other attachments. Used by professional men. Write, 'phone or call for BOOKLET and details of TRIAL OFFER. Consultations 9-6.

'Phone: Regent 5630

VIBRAPHONE CO.,
43, Triumph House,
189 Regent Street, London, W.1

SUNNY WINTER SPORTS IN AUSTRIA

Austria The Land for Winter Sports—only 19 hours from London.

Austria possesses many modern, world-famed Winter Sports centres. Full fixture list of sporting events.

Austria is celebrated for its excellent ski-ing schools, which have set up a new standard and are imitated everywhere.

Austria offers you an economical holiday. Inclusive terms from 6/6 per day.

New Reductions in Railway Fares for Winter 1934/5. 60% Reduction on the return journey (after a stay of 7 days). 30% Reduction on all journeys in Austria—no formalities.

A FEW COMING SPORTING EVENTS

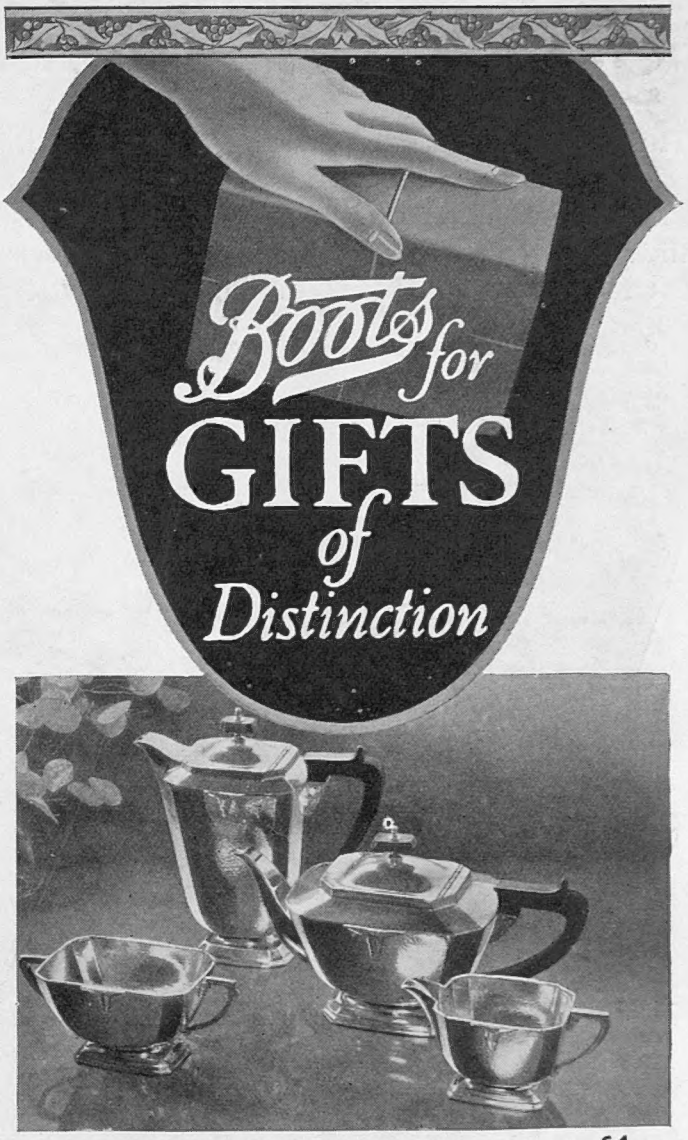
January 6th, 1935—Ski-jumping competition at Hofgastein.
January 23rd-February 3rd—International bobsleigh week. International 2-seater bobsleigh competition.
February 8th and 9th—Women's skating World Championship.
February 16th—Opera Ball at Vienna.
March 2nd and 3rd—"Madloch" ski race at Lech am Arlberg.

For information and literature write to :—

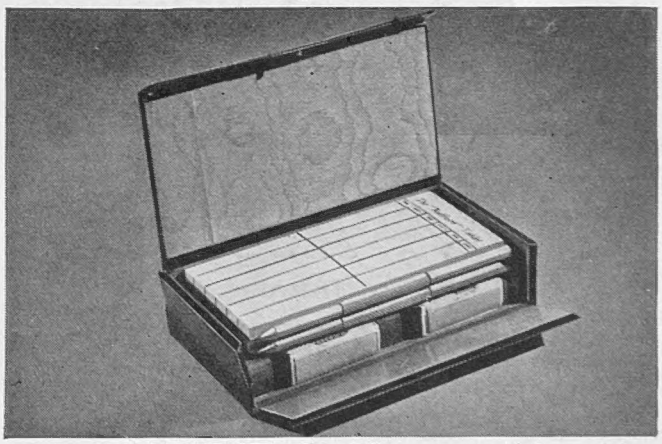
AUSTRIAN FEDERAL RAILWAYS

OFFICIAL INFORMATION AND TRAVEL BUREAU,

31, Lower Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, London, S.W.1 (Telephone : Regent 366), or leading Travel Agencies.



TEA SET. Hand made English Pewter, finely hammered **£4.**
Hot Water Jug to match **42/-.**



FLAP-JACK BRIDGE SET. Real Calf in attractive designs; two packs and scorers with pencils. **14/6d.**

Typical examples of the distinctive Christmas Gifts obtainable from BOOTS Gift Departments or by post from:—
182, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER
PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH

B182-27 BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.

"Got it! I'll give him a Valet"

"The advertisement says it takes *ten seconds to strop and ten seconds to clean.* That will stop his precious excuses for being late in the mornings! What else is it they say? Oh yes—*weeks of perfect shaving with every blade, and a new edge for every shave.* Marvellous! That means a 'Valet' will save him a small fortune in blades. I'll go along to a 'Valet' dealer and choose one right away."

This is the No. 56 COMPANION SET. In black folding case, contains self-stropping 'Valet' razor, strop and five blades, also two tubes containing 'Valet' shaving brush and stick of shaving soap. Complete for 12/6

No. 55. NICKEL SET. Contains self-stropping 'Valet' razor, three 'Valet' blades and a strop of good quality in hinged container. The whole is contained in a highly polished nickelled case, lined velvet 7/6

No. 101. Contents as above, but in Mouldrite case finished in a rich mahogany colour 6/-

No. 50. NICKEL SET. In highly polished nickelled case lined with velvet. The set comprises a heavily silvered self-stropping 'Valet' razor, twelve 'Valet' blades and strop of selected leather in hinged container 21/-

British Made. Of all Dealers.

★ Complete sets from 2/6 to 45/- ★

The above prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.

"VALET"

Auto Strop Safety Razor

I'm Cook's Assistant —Like

OXO

For Cup or Cooking

Enjoy a Jolly Pickwickian Christmas

DON'T let the Festive Season be marred by faulty digestion. Enjoy Christmas as the Pickwick Club did—be Merry and Bright. Forestall the after-effects of rich Christmas fare by taking a morning dose of Kutnow's Powder. This pleasant saline tones up the system, puts right any irregularity and keeps you in the pink of health.

Remember to take Kutnow's first thing every morning if you want to keep really fit and well.

Get a Bottle of Kutnow's from your Chemist To-day

IT would be so unlike Christmas without THE BYSTANDER CHRISTMAS NUMBER for all in the house to enjoy. The next time you visit your bookstall or regular newsagent, ask for a copy to be reserved for you . . . and we have no doubt he will gladly deliver it to your home. A heavy demand is anticipated, so we venture to suggest that you act early. If your newsagent is on the 'phone, why not ring him now? Then you will be sure of *your* copy.

THE
BYSTANDER
Christmas Number

One Merry-Go-Round of Jollity

YOU MUST GET IT—IT'S FUNNY—IT'S CLEVER—IT'S PRETTY—IT'S EASILY THE MOST ENTERTAINING ISSUE THE BRIGHT AND BREEZY BYSTANDER HAS EVER PRODUCED AT XMAS. ON SALE EVERYWHERE

McVITIE & PRICE'S *Christmas Specialties*

A selection of the wide range of seasonable goods offered by McVitie and Price, sold by all good grocers and confectioners.

REGATTA
2/6 per tin

ASSORTED SHORTBREAD
Drums, 5/6 each

CLANSMAN
2/- per tin

ABERFOYLE
1/6 per tin

MAY FLOWERS
2/- per tin

MAGENTA TIN
1/6 per tin

BANQUET
3 lb. size, 5/6

AFTERNOON TEA
2/- per tin

HANOVER WAFERS
2/6 per tin